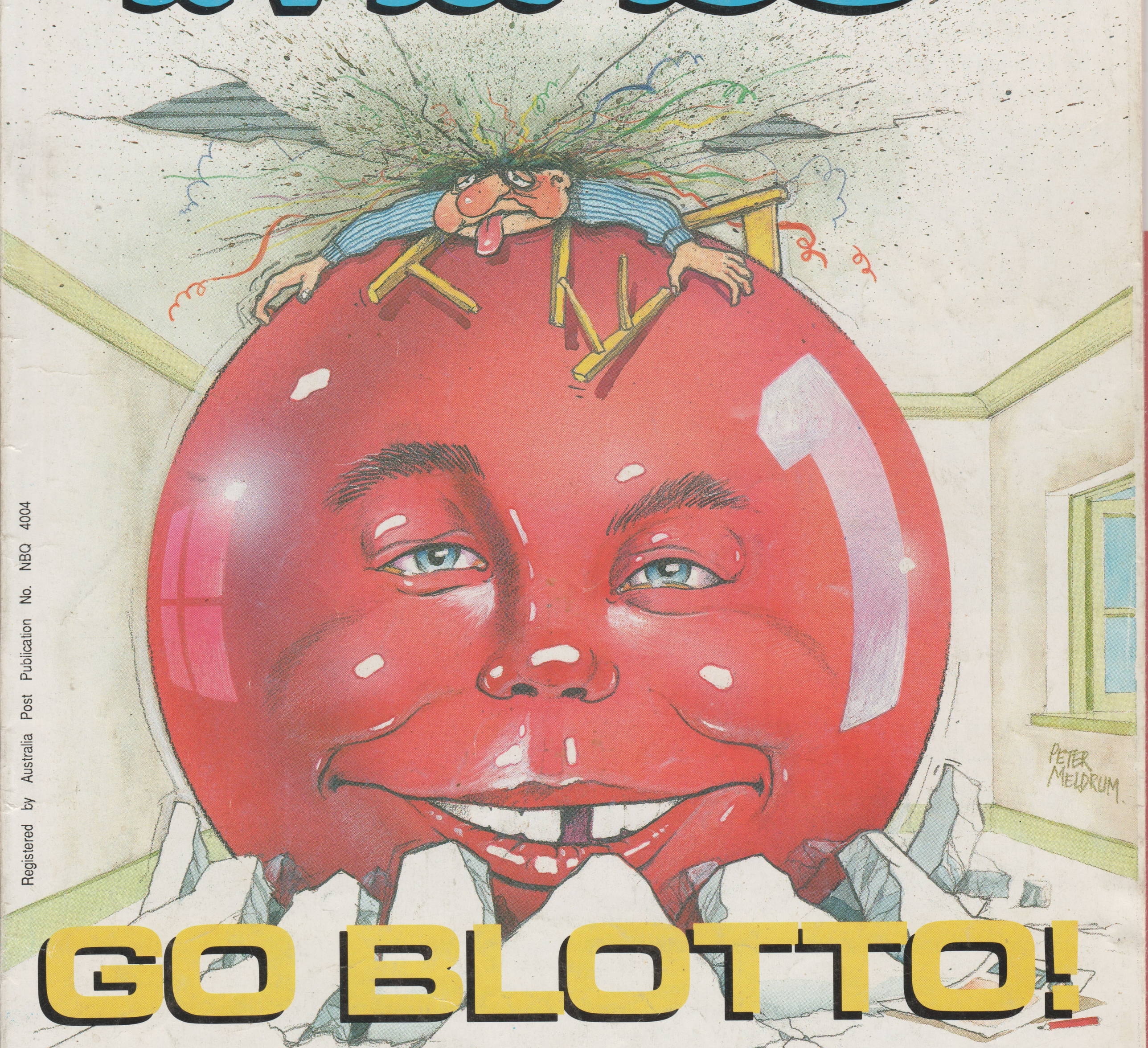
ROBERT MACKINTOSH

MAD

®

AUSTRALIAN SUPER SPECIAL

Our Price
$3.95
(NZ $5.25
Incl. S.T.)
CHEAP!



GO BLOTTO!

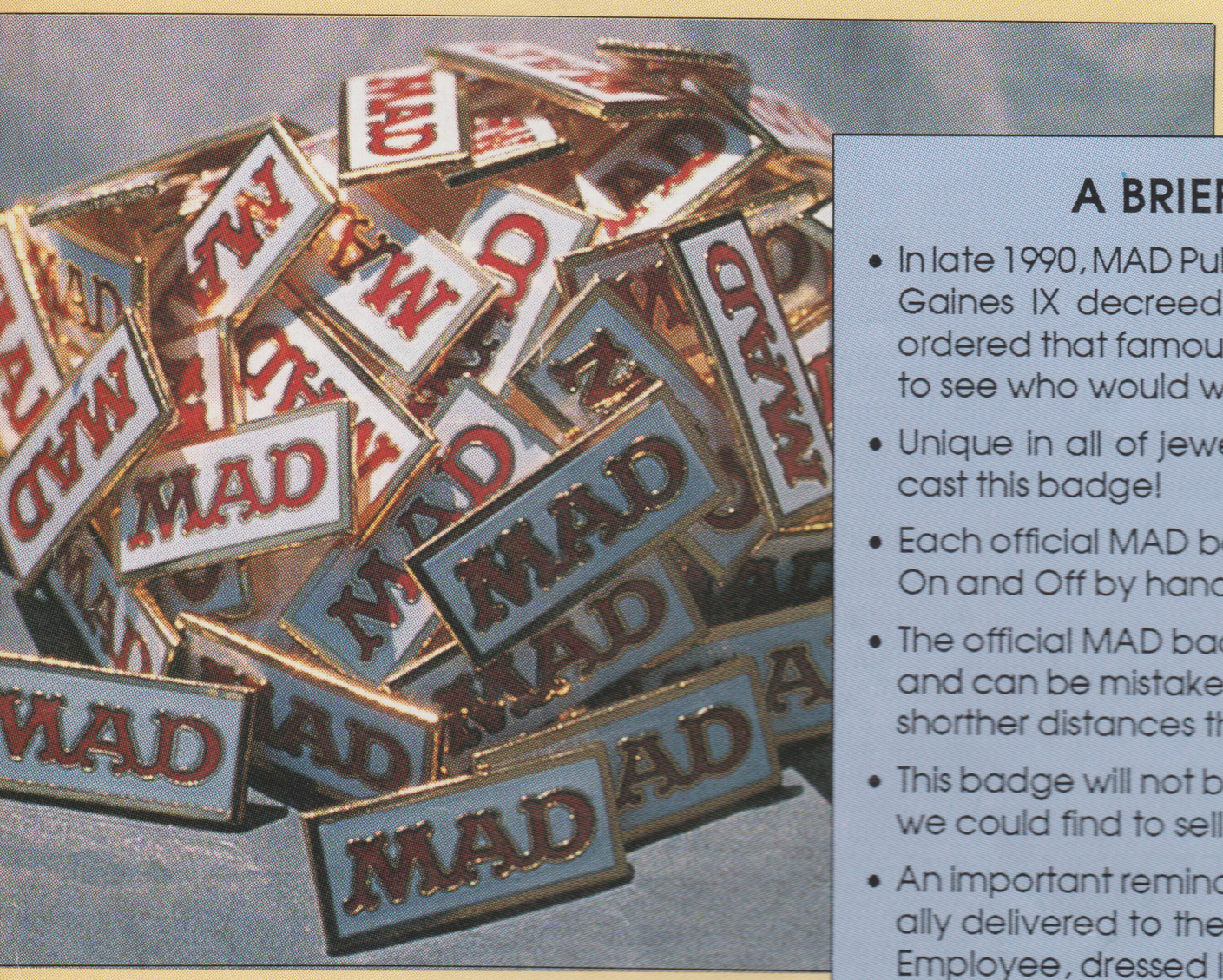
64 PAGES OF BORN LOSERS!

Registered by Australia Post Publication No. NBQ 4004

9 771033 811000

Subscribe Or Renew Your Subscription Now
And You Could WIN This Rare MAD Treasure!

EXCLUSIVE TO READERS OF MAD MAGAZINE (who else would want one?!!) AN EXTRAORDINARY OPPORTUNITY TO OWN THE OFFICIAL MAD BADGE. NOW YOU COULD BE THE envy OF ALL THE CANTEEN LADIES AND THE SCHOOL BUS DRIVER TOO. THEY ARE SO RARE IN FACT THAT WE ONLY HAVE 49 TO GIVE AWAY - SO YOU HAD BETTER BE QUICK!



A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MAD BADGE

- In late 1990, MAD Publisher, William Mildred Farnsworth Higgenbottom Pious Gaines IX decreed that there should be an official MAD badge and ordered that famous artisans from around the world, would be contacted to see who would work the cheapest to create these objects of art!
- Unique in all of jewellery-making history, we broke the mould before we cast this badge!
- Each official MAD badge is precision crafted by machines that are turned On and Off by hand!
- The official MAD badge smells like jewellery that costs thousands of dollars and can be mistaken for real gold at distances over 500 metres (though at shorther distances they may be mistaken for alot of other things)!
- This badge will not be sold in any store we know, we tried getting any store we could find to sell it, but nobody would touch it!
- An important reminder! Each official badge is so valuable it will be personally delivered to the winners homes by an official Australian Government Employee, dressed like a postman!

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN YOUR OWN MAD BADGE

DON'T RUIN YOUR MAGAZINE YOU IDIOT...TAKE A PHOTOCOPY AND SEND TO: REPLY PAID 2 MAD AUSTRALIA. P.O. BOX 432, CAMMERAY 2062.

I want to start☐ renew☐ give☐ a subscription to MAD for:
☐8 regular issues @ $24.00* or
☐8 regular issues PLUS 4 specials at the regular price @36.00*

Name:.....
Address:.....Postcode:.....

I enclose cheque/money order payable to: Horwitz Grahame Pty Ltd for $.....

Or please debit Bankcard☐ Visa☐ Mastercard☐ American Express☐ Diners Club☐

Cardholders Name:.....Signature:.....
Card number:.....Expiry Date:.....

OFFER ONLY AVAILABLE TO DORKS WITH I.Q.'s OVER 13 1/4 !?$%*

*Includes postage and handling. NZ surface mail $28 or $42.

STC:MS3

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. This competition is open only to Australian residents authorising a subscription or renewal to Australian MAD Magazine between 18/10/91 and last mail on 15/12/91. Employees of Horwitz Grahame Pty Ltd and those associated with Australian MAD and their families are not eligible to enter. 2. South Australian residents may request an entry by writing to the Subscriptions Manager, Australian MAD, PO Box 306 Cammeray, 2062 NSW. Only one entry per person is available by this method. 3. There are 49 MAD badge prizes to be won. The total value of prizes is approximately $100. The prizes are nor redeemable for cash and the judges decision is final with no correspondence entered into. 4. The prizes will be awarded to each person nominated to receive the subscription. 5. The winning entries will be drawn on 31/12/91 and the winners names will be published in the Australian MAD issue no. 309 and the winners prizes will be delivered by certified mail. 6. The promoter is Horwitz Grahame Pty Ltd, 506 Miller St, Cammeray 2062. Permit No. TC91/3314.

GO BLOTTO

MAD SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER SEVENTY NIINE

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher*
NICK MEGLIN *and* JOHN FICARRA *editors*
LEONARD BREENER *art director* TOM NOZKOWSKI *production director*
CHARLIE KADAU, JOE RAIOLA *and* SARAH FRIEDMAN *associate editors*
DICK DE BARTOLO *creative consultant* ANDREW J. SCHWARZTBERG *editorial assistant*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

BOOK BAZAAR
BALLARAT
BOOK EXCHANGE
DISCOUNTERS OF NEW WATCHES,
GREETING CARDS, GIFTWRAP ETC. also
WATCH BATTERIES FITTED
34 CURTIS ST. BALLARAT 3350
PHONE 5332 6379

WITH DEPARTMENTS

MONKEY BIG BUSINESS DEPARTMENT
"The Milking of the Planet That Went Ape" (A MAD Movie Satire)..... 2
TRUE-TO-FORM DEPARTMENT
Tell-Tale Comic Strip Balloons..... 10
ZODIACS MURDER DEPARTMENT
Your MAD Horoscope..... 13
PUMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look at ...Service Stations..... 14
TO TELLY TRUTH DEPARTMENT
How Come On TV?..... 16
OPENED SESAME DEPARTMENT
MAD's "Reality Street"..... 19
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs Spy..... 25,57
TOMAHAWKS AND DOVES DEPARTMENT
If Nixon Were President During Custer's Last Stand..... 26
WE GOT YOUR PENUMBRA DEPARTMENT
The Shadow Knows..... 28
IN THE IRE OF THE BEHOLDER DEPARTMENT
You Never Can Win With a Bigot!..... 30
MISPELT YOUTH DEPARTMENT
Celebrity Scrabble Boards..... 32
PRESS AND JERKS DEPARTMENT
"Modern Muscle Magazine"..... 33
ECCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT
The MAD Pollution Primer..... 39
NEW DELHI-CATESSEN DEPARTMENT
Meet Sudhir Dar..... 42
GIVIN' EM A RIBBIN' DEPARTMENT
MAD Medals for Doctors..... 45
INSECT ASIDES DEPARTMENT
MAD "Bugs" the Insect World..... 46
BURDEN OF BEASTS DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look at Pet Owners..... 48
KNIFIN' FALK DEPARTMENT
"Clodumbo" (A MAD TV Satire)..... 50
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Time..... 58
PLASHTICK DEPARTMENT
"Realistic" MAD Model Car Kits..... 63
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
"Drawn Out Dramas" by Sergio Aragones..... **

** Various Places Around the Magazine
FRONT COVER ARTIST: PETER MELDRUM

Entire contents Copyright 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981 and 1991 by E.C. Publications Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. This edition published 1991 and distributed by Horwitz Grahame Pty Ltd, 506 Miller Street, Cammeray 2062. NSW. Australia. National Library of Australia Card No. and ISSN 1033-811X. Printed by Macquarie Print, Dubbo. NSW.

MONKEY BIG BUSINESS DEPT.

There's a wise old expression that goes: "Leave well enough alone!" It seems that everyone in the world has heard the expression except a certain movie studio that gave us a brilliant science-fiction epic a few years back . . . and then proceeded to give us sequel after sequel, each one more tiresome and boring than its predecessor. And it doesn't look like there's any end in sight, because we hear they've got at least two more sequels planned. Well, we think they should put a stop to this monkey business! Yep, it's time they quit

THE MI
PLANET

FIRST CAME THE ORIGINAL...





LKING OF THE THAT WENT APE

"THE PLANET THAT WENT APE"

HUMANS!
GET THEM!
THERE'S ONE!
KILL HIM!!
I **don't believe it!** A planet where **apes** ride **horses,** and have **superior intelligence!**
Listen! Thank God for **small things!** It would be pretty **ridiculous** the **other way around!**

I'm at a **loss** for **words!**
Because of my **primitive beauty . . . ?**
No, because I was **shot** in the **throat!**
It's **amazing!** He even delivers his **thoughts** in a monotone!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Hi! I'm **Zora!** And this is **Carnelius!** We are **understanding, compassionate apes,** and we'll be **with you** for the next **3** or **4 pictures,** depending on our **availability!**
Maybe you don't **recognize** me, but I'm actor **Rowdy McDowelstick,** and I'm **very** available!
But why are we **talking** to this human? **He** doesn't understand what we're **saying!**
With all this **makeup** we've got on, it's a wonder **anyone** does!

I am **Dr. Zaydius,** the **head ape!** Let me briefly describe our society! You see, on this planet **apes** are **superior . . .** and **humans** are **animals!** We have a **descending social order** here! The **orangutans** are on **top,** then come the **chimpanzees,** then **gorillas** and **baboons,** then **humans,** then **used car salesmen!**
That was a **brilliant speech,** Dr. Zaydius! Would you **repeat** that?
Not unless you give me a **banana**

Tyler has **escaped!** He's in our **Museum Of The Humans!**

And his throat wound is **all healed!** He's about to utter his **first words!**

LET MY PEOPLE GO!!

Boy! Once he gets hold of a **hot expression,** he doesn't **let up,** does he?!

THE MUGGER

THE SWINGER

THE GOLFER

Order! Order! Order in the **Court!**

Shouldn't that be **"Odor** in the **Court!"?!**

I'm suddenly sorry you **got** your voice back!

Well, you have to admit it does get **pretty gamey** here on **The Planet That Went Ape!**

You're **lucky!** If your ship had gone three million miles **further,** you'd have landed on **The Planet Of The Diseased Buffaloes!**

I hereby order this trial to **begin,** and that it be conducted under **Ape Law Number 77-K22!**

What law is **that?**

That if you try anything **funny,** the Sergeant At Arms will hit you over the head with a **coconut!**

This trial is **unfair!** I don't want **APES** judging me! I want a jury of my **peers . . .** my **equals!**

Please! Don't be **ridiculous!** Where are we going to find **12 millionaire blond actors** who speak in a **monotone?!**

Okay, we've **escaped** and taken you as our **hostage,** Dr. Zaydius! Now, **tell us where we are!**

This is **"The Forbidden Zone!"** A **strange civilization** once lived here!

Look! A **human DOLL!** It says **"Mama"** and **"Papa"!**

Yecch! It also does a few **other** things! Not only was this civilization **strange,** it was **warped!!**

Well . . . it's the end of a **long** and **tiring journey!** Goodbye, Zora . . . and thanks!

I **TOLD** you it was a long and tiring journey! Besides— **go tell apes apart!**

Uh—I'm **Carnelius!** Zora's **over there!**

How did it **feel . . .** kissing an ape?

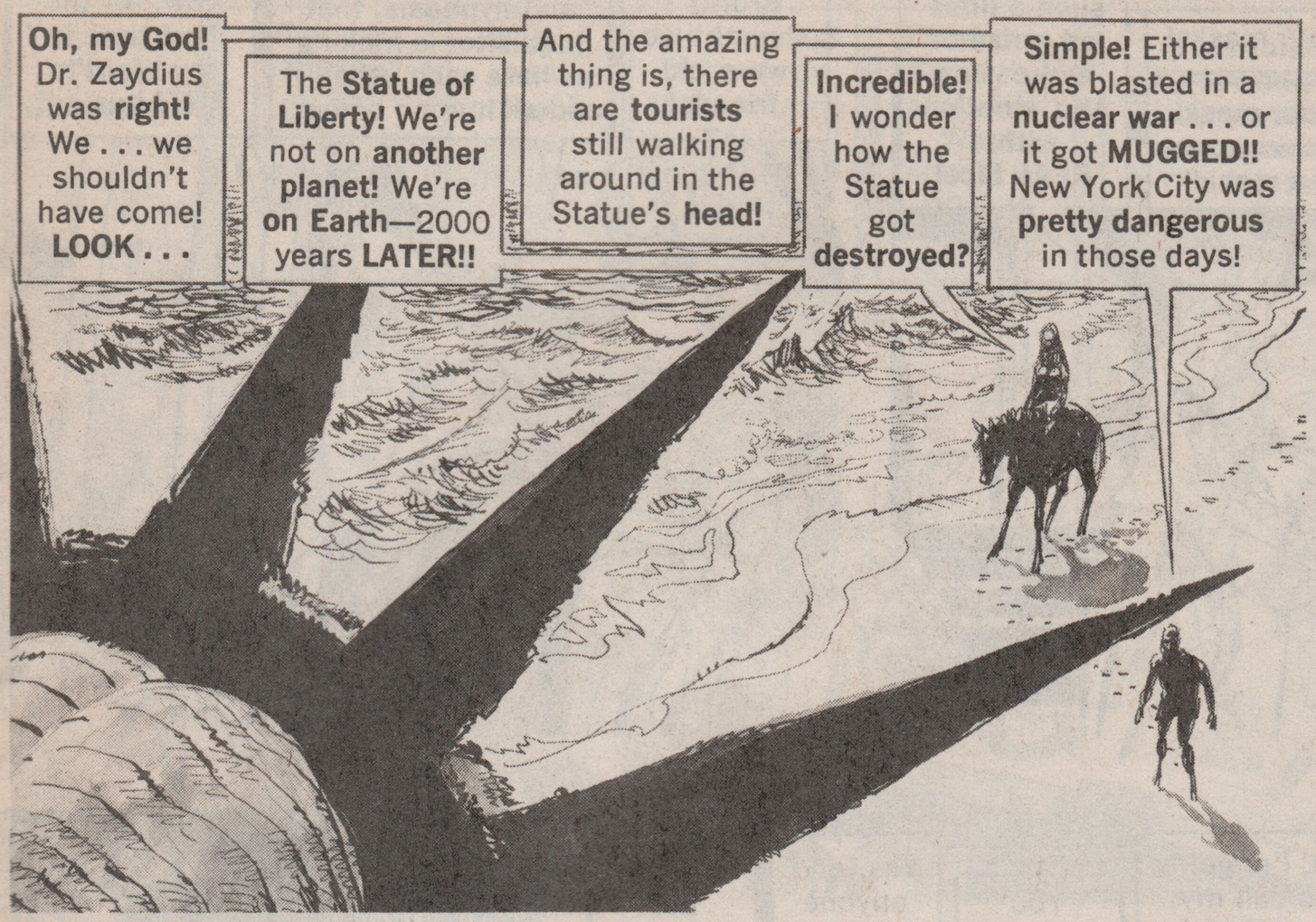
Not bad! It's just a shame they never heard of **"Certs"!**

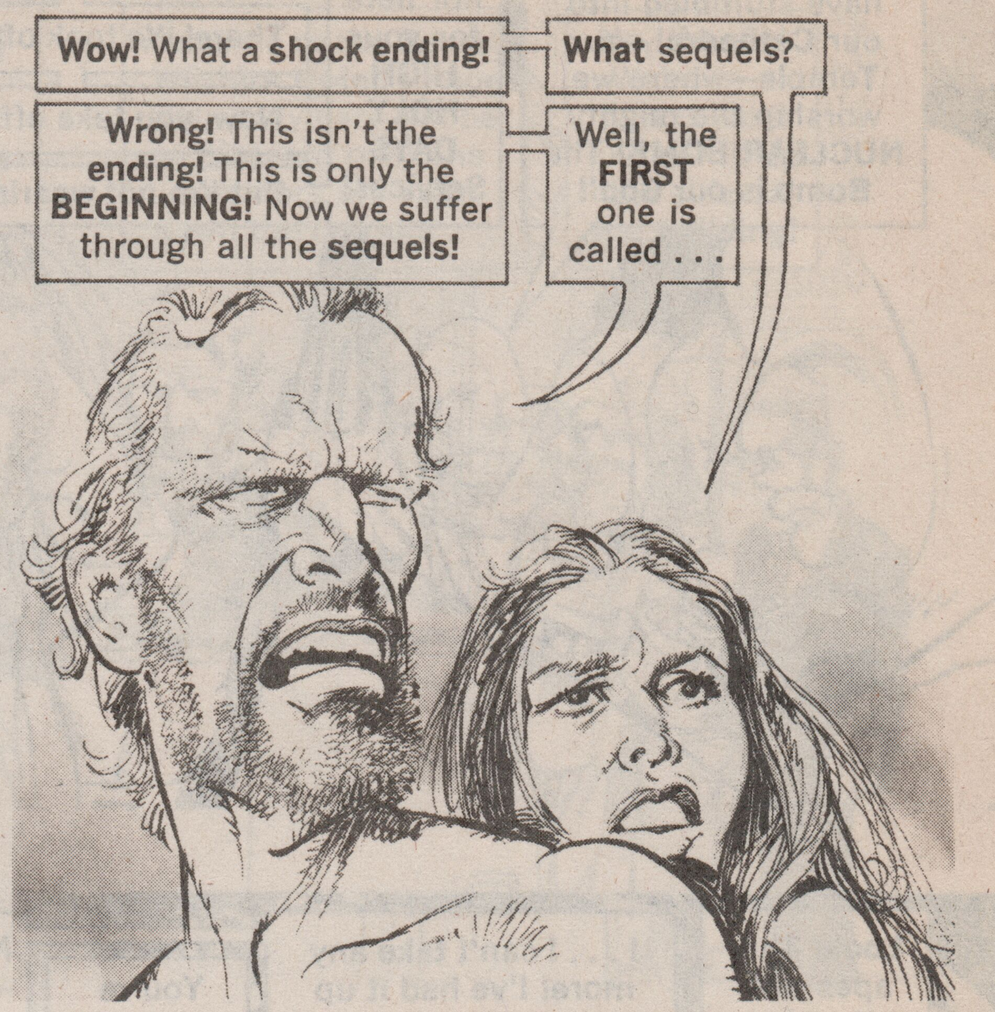
Where will you go from **here,** Tyler?

Nono and I will head down to the **beach** to look for a **taxi . . .** an **exit sign . . . ANYTHING** to get us off this **nutty planet!**

No! **No!** I **warn** you! **Don't** go down to the **shore** area! You **won't like** what you **see!!**

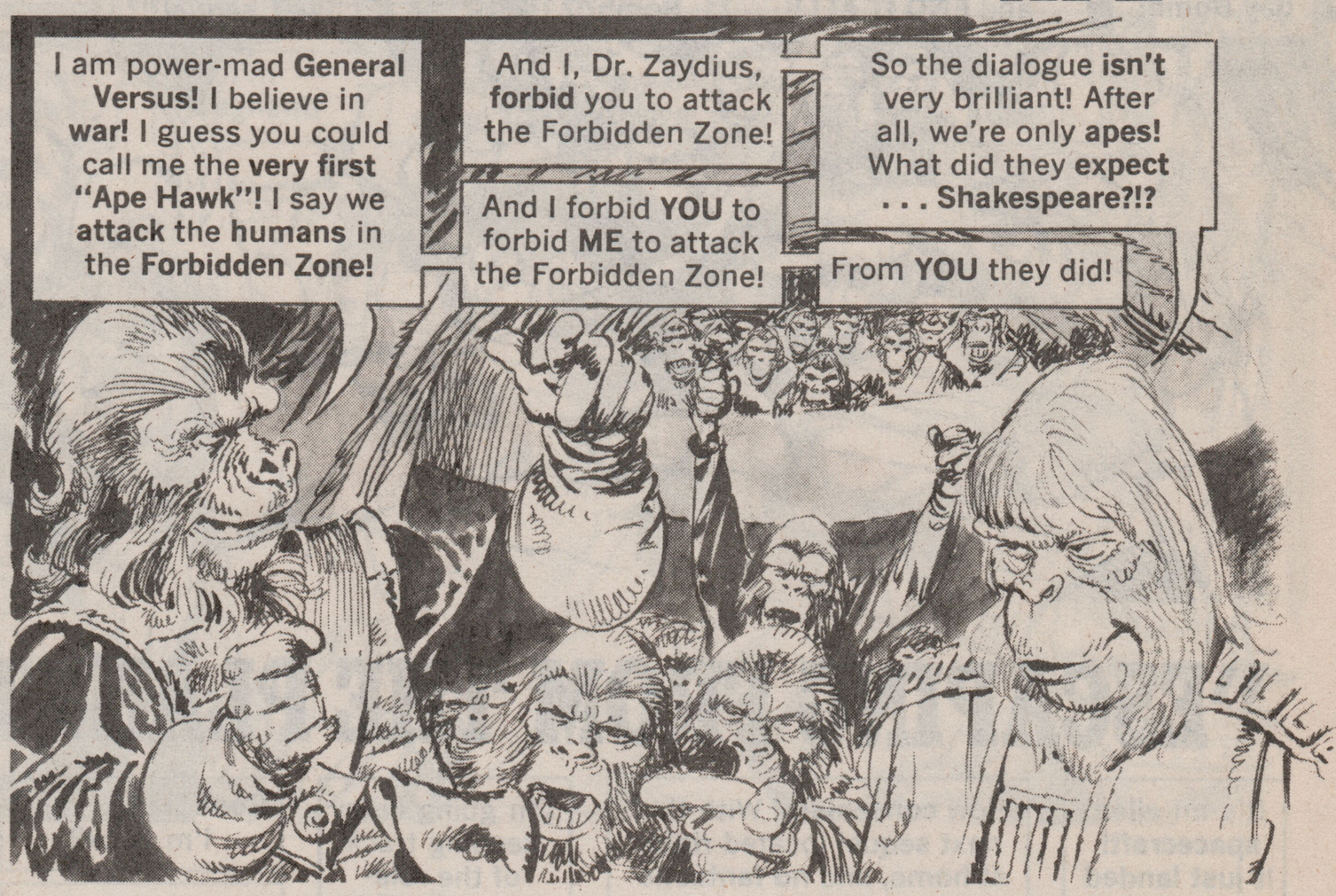
You **forget,** Dr. Zaydius— I'm from **Earth!** I've seen **seven oil slicks** off Santa Barbara, **thousands of dead fish** off Miami and **millions of pickles** off Coney Island! **Nothing** scares **me** any more!



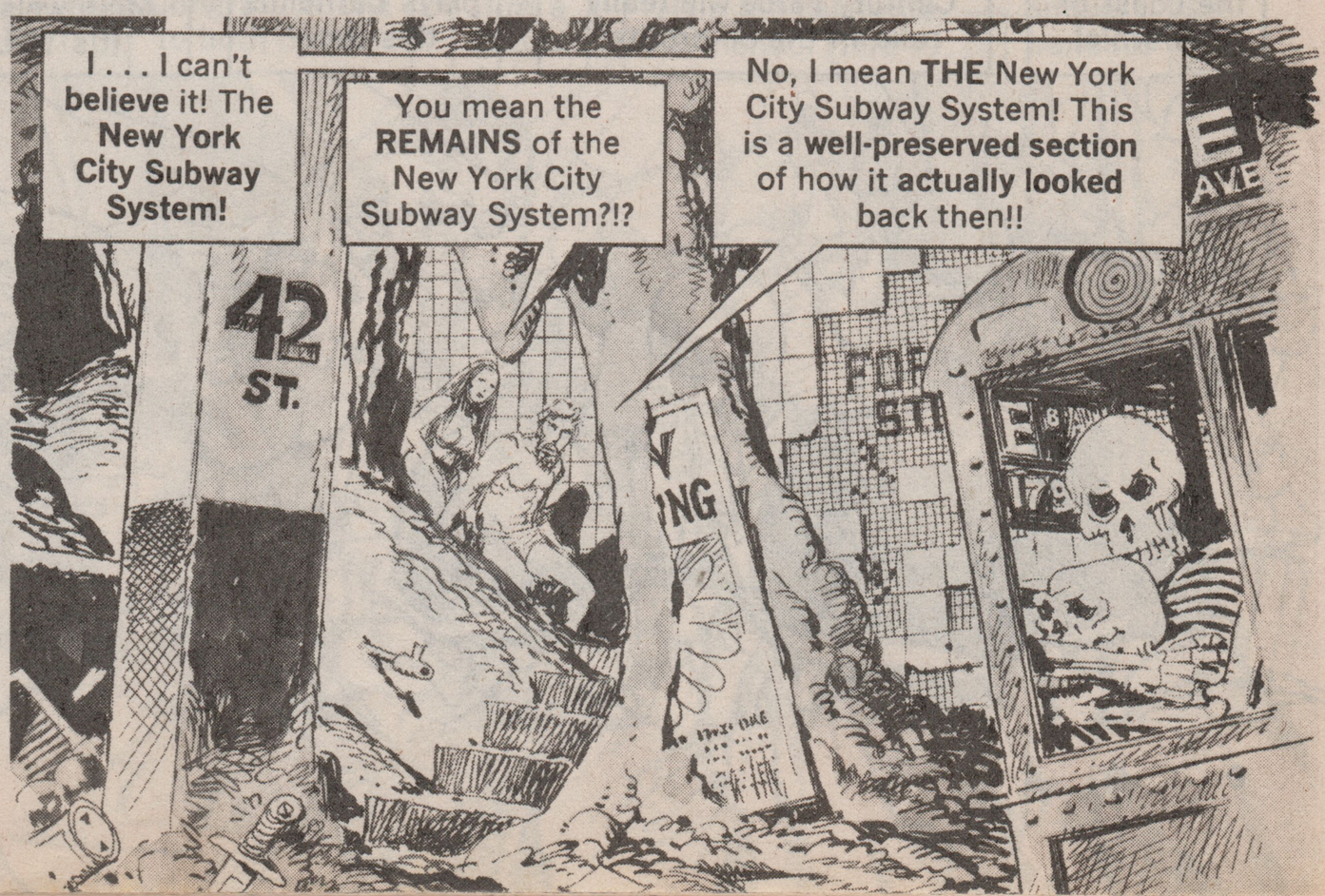


"UNDERNEATH THE PLANET THAT WENT APE"









We are the **humans** who **live** here in the Forbidden Zone! You have stumbled into our **Cathedral**—our **Temple**—where we worship the mighty **NUCLEAR BOMB!** The **Bomb** is our **God!!**

Boy . . . I sure hope I'm not here for your **HIGH HOLY DAYS Services!**

We are **mutants** whose **faces** have been **destroyed** by the radiation from **nuclear war!**

There! We took off our **masks!**

Now, **you** take off **your mask!**

But I'm not **wearing** a mask!!

C'mon! Quit kidding! **No one** can show such a **limited range** of **expression** and **emotion** with a **REAL face!**

Wait! Stop! Why are we **fighting,** Brunt? I thought we were **old friends!**

We **are!** But through **thought-tranference** and **hypnosis,** that **Inquisitor** is making us **hate** each other—and **all** human beings!

You're **right!** I was always a **Liberal!** But now, for the first time in my life, I'm **ANTI-busing!**

Look! The apes are attacking the **Temple!** They want the **Doomsday Bomb!**

I . . . I can't **take** any more! I've had it up to **here** with allegory, fantasy and social comment! I'm going to **press these buttons** and **END IT ALL!!**

You're going to **activate** the **Doomsday Bomb?!?**

No, I'm going to call my **Agent!** He's got to get me **out** of this **idiotic series!**

You mean there's gonna be **another sequel?!?**

Yes, and anyone **surviving** on this planet is **in it!**

Here! Let **ME detonate** that **blessed Bomb!**

In case anyone's **interested,** the next sequel is called . . .

"ESCAPING FROM THE PLANET THAT WENT APE"

It's an **alien spacecraft! It just landed here** . . . off the coast of **California!**

How **convenient!** With this next sequel located **right at home,** and **no fantastic sets** to worry about, 20th Century Farce will **really** rake in the ol' profits!

I'm going **crazy** keeping track of the **role-changes!** Who plays Carnelius **this** time?

Good news, folks! I'm **back!!**

Rowdy McDowelstick! It's **YOU!!**

Yes! My Agent advised me to take this **role** again because he doesn't want the public to **forget my face!**

I'm **Sal Moneyo!** And **MY** Agent advised me to take **THIS** role because he wants the public to **REMEMBER mine!!**

This **Ape Press Conference** will now begin! **First question—**

What ever happened to **Sal Moneyo?** He only had a **ten-minute part!**

Which was probably five minutes **too long!**

It's **amazing!** Not only do these chimps **TALK,** but they're also very **amusing!**

They're so **delightful** and **witty!** What should we **DO** with them?

I'm **personally torn!** I don't know whether to put them on The **Johnny Carson Show—** or **execute** them!

Welcome to the **Beverly Wilshire Hotel!** I hope your stay here will be a **pleasant** one! The elevators are right down the corridor . . .

No, thanks! We're in a **hurry!** We'll just climb up the side of the **building!**

What a **shopping spree!** I got 7 suits, 11 shirts and 3 sweaters! What'd **you** get?

Something I **really need!**

What's that?

8000 bottles of **"Nair"!**

Carnelius, I have some **good news** and some **bad news!**

What's the **good news?**

I'm **pregnant!**

What's the **bad news?**

HE knows about it!

You mean Dr. Hassled **doesn't like** apes?

That's putting it **mildly!** He's the only person ever to **picket** a revival showing of **"King Kong"!**

Oh, kindly circus owner! We are being chased by **cruel humans** who want to **destroy** our **unborn child!** Can we **hide out** here?

Sure! Hide any place but near the **Hyena cage!** You two are so **witty** that his **laughter** will **keep me up** all night!

It's a **boy!**

Congratulations to **both** of you!

I'm a **Father!**

Help me **celebrate,** Hermando! **Here . . .**

Smoke a banana!

What a novel way to **end** this, the **wittiest** of the ape flicks! **You, me** and the **baby —shot to death!**

Good! Then this **finally ends the series!**

Not exactly! **WE'RE** dead . . . but the **scriptwriter** is still **quite active!**

What a **brilliant twist!** We cleverly **switched chimps** so the **REAL** baby with **unbelieveable intelligence** will **survive** here with **me!**

I know that he's unbelievably intelligent . . . because it was **HE** who **suggested** the idea in the **first** place!

Isn't that **right,** Julius? Come! **Say** something! Show the audience how **intelligent** you are!

TARZAN! JANE! HELP! I want to get **out** of this **mess** and into a **respectable "Jungle" movie!**

It's too late! They've already started plans for . . .

"CONQUERING THE PLANET THAT WENT APE"

Are you **sure** this is the **last one** of the **series!**

No one is **sure!** But this one is certainly the **most ingenius!** It will have a **vast audience!**

Yes! It can be enjoyed by **six-year-olds** of **ALL ages!**

Now, **remember,** Julius! Thees is **1990!** We are leeving in a **Poleez State!** Don't let anyone hear you **spick,** or we weel be **arrested** by The **Central Security Force!**

And don't let anyone hear **YOU** speak, or we'll be arrested by **The Actors Guild!**

Thank God he hasn't lost his parents' **quick wit** and **sense of humor!**

We've come **full circle** from that very first ape movie! In **this** society, the **apes** are the **slaves!** They're taught to **shine shoes, run errands,** wait on **tables,** make the **beds** and sweep the **streets!**

Why are those apes being **beaten?**

They're not very **bright!** They're making the **streets** and sweeping the **beds!**

Y KAYSF

FASCIST PIGS!

Hold it! **WHAT DID THAT APE SAY?!?**

Uh—don't be **silly! Apes** can't **speak!**

I'm **positive** I heard that ape speak!

Impossible! Apes do not have the **power** of speech!

Then how come I heard **sound** coming from his **mouth?!?**

Because **THAT** ape is a **ventriloquist!**

We suspect you are hiding an **intelligent ape** that escaped as an **infant** 20 years ago!

It's not true! Besides, why all this **fuss** about a **talking ape?**

Because an **intelligent, talking ape** could lead the **other** apes out of their **slavery** . . . and we must **perpetuate** slavery! We have always **needed** slaves, and we always **will!**

Ever get the feeling you're in the **wrong movie!?**

APE MANAGE

We are going to **torture** you to **prove** that you are **THE talking ape!** We have the voltage set on **500!** Now, **TALK!!**

Stubborn, eh, Julius! All right, we'll push the voltage up to **600!** Now, **TALK!**

Okay, it's your **last chance!** If you **DON'T** talk, we'll put you into the **FIFTH "Planet That Went Ape" sequel!**

Four score and seven years ago, our forefathers brought upon this continent a new nation, conceived in . . .

TORTURE COMPUTER CONTROL
PAT. PENDING 0719826 4359210
BY MATTEL
LOW MED HIGH

Of all the apes in the 4 movies so far, **you** are easily the **stupidest!** So if I'm going to lead you in a **revolt** against the **humans,** you are going to have to **follow my advice** and **not embarrass me!** Like from now on, when you put on your **shoes** and **socks, DON'T** do it in **that order!**

Look! The apes are **revolting!**

Well, let's say they're a bit **tacky!**

No, they're **rioting, looting** and **burning!** Gee, when I **trained** for **Gorilla Warfare,** I never dreamed I'd really get to **use** it!

They don't stand a **chance!** We've got **sophisticated weapons, electronic computers,** and an army of **8000 men!!**

But **Julius** is **brilliant!** He has an arsenal of weapons that just might **destroy** us!

WHAT weapons!

He's got **8000 banana peels!**

Well, Julius, your banana peel trick **worked!** You've **won!** Now that you've **taken over,** what are your **plans?**

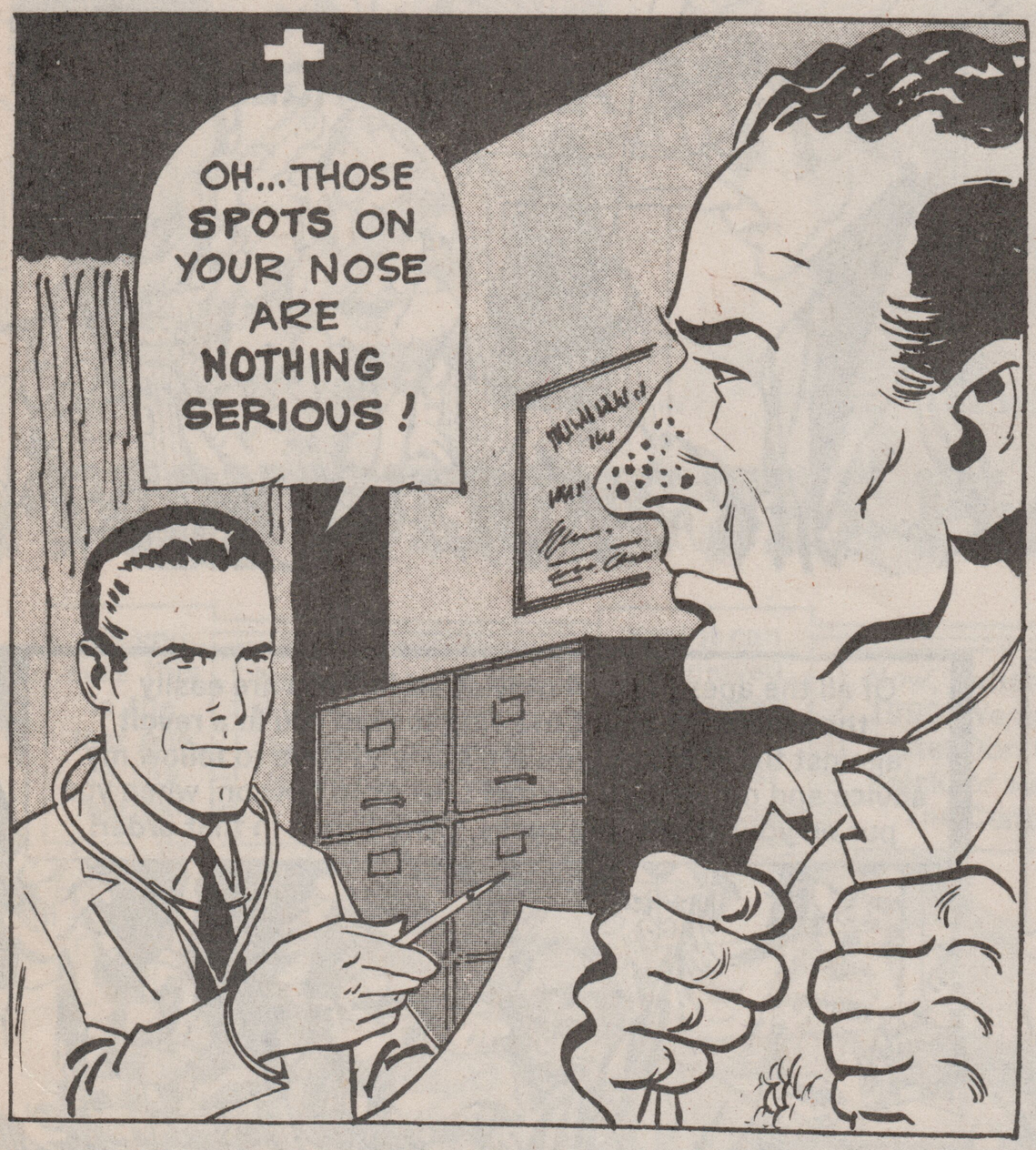
It **beats me!** I'm not **THAT** intelligent! I won't know **myself** until the **sequel!**

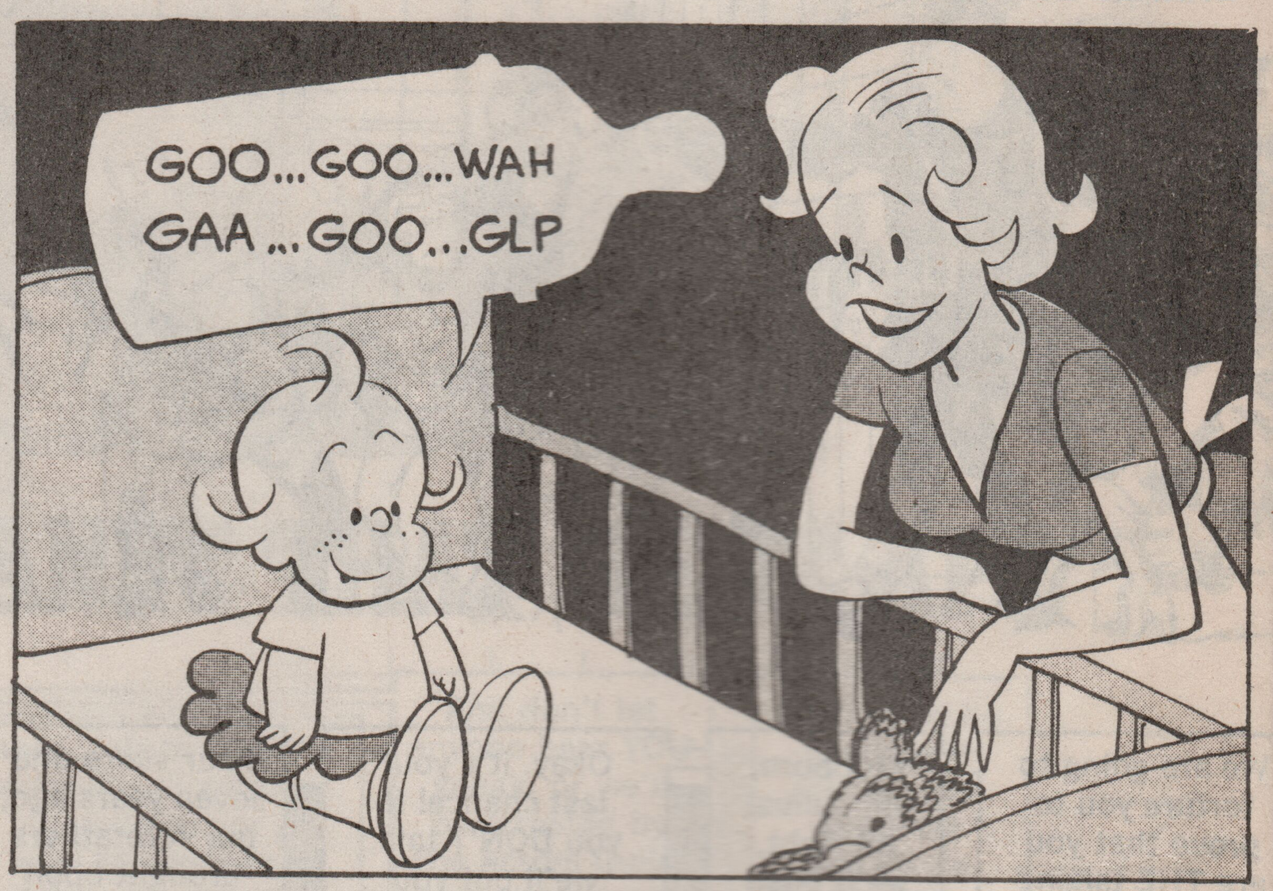
TRUE-TO-FORM DEPT.

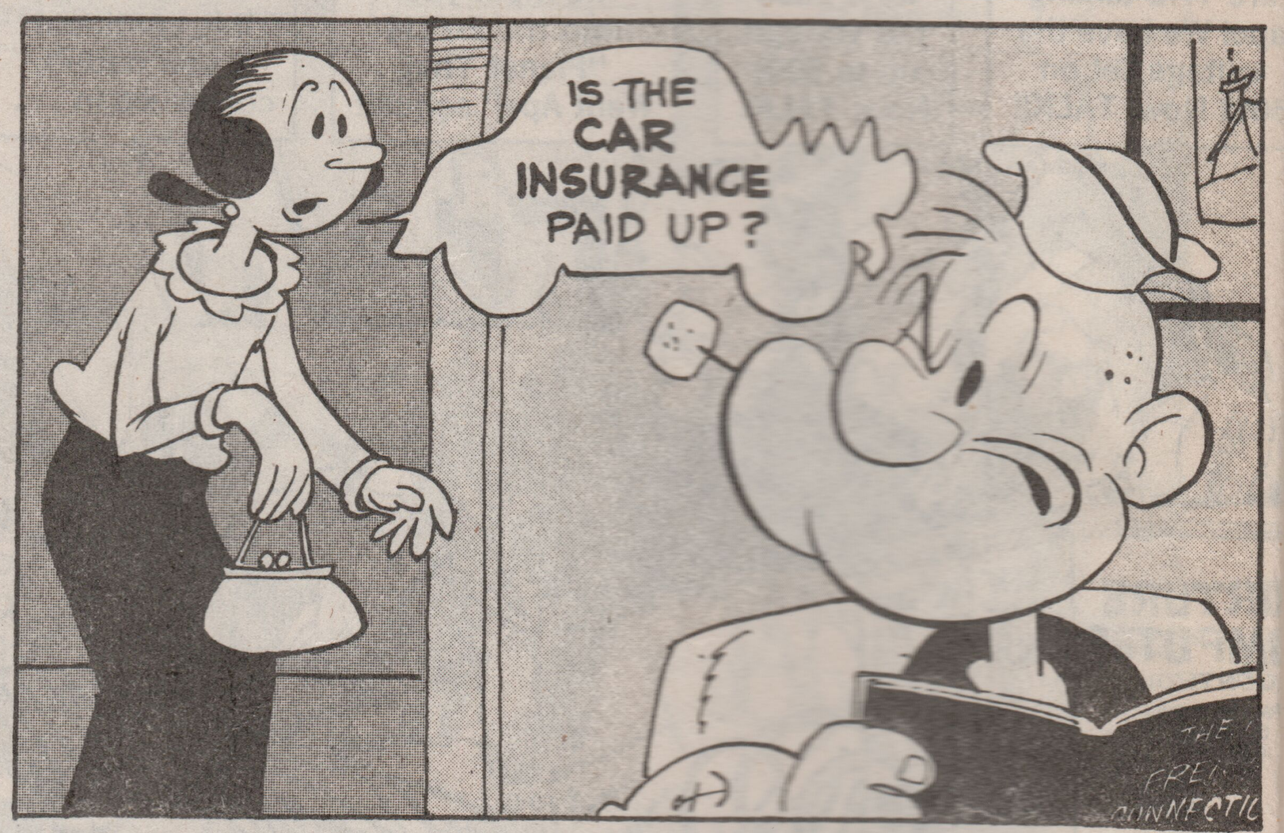
Today, everything is psychologically oriented. Books, movies, plays . . . all probe their characters' innermost thoughts and emotions. Which may be one reason why Syndicated

TELL-TALE COMIC

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE









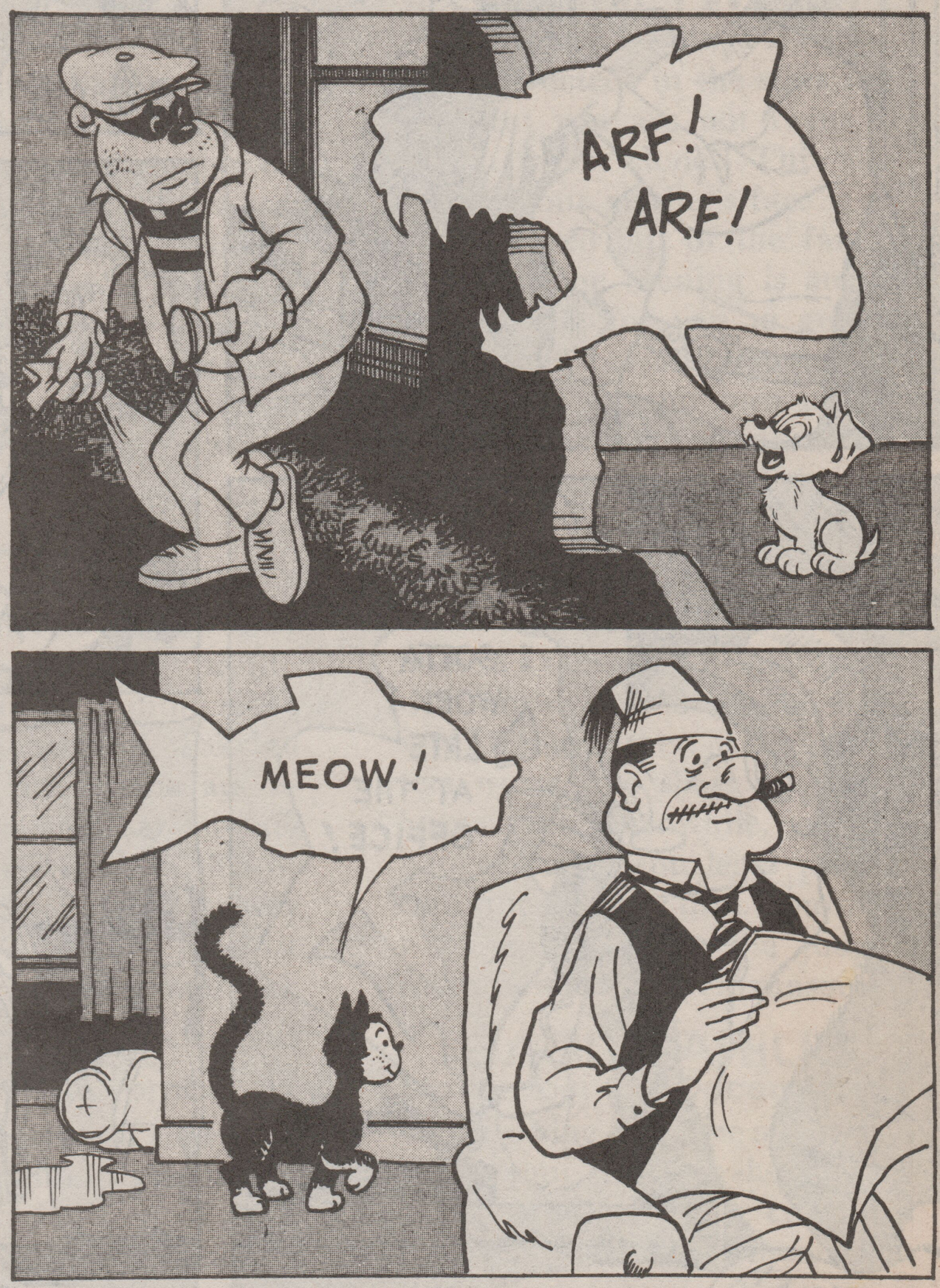


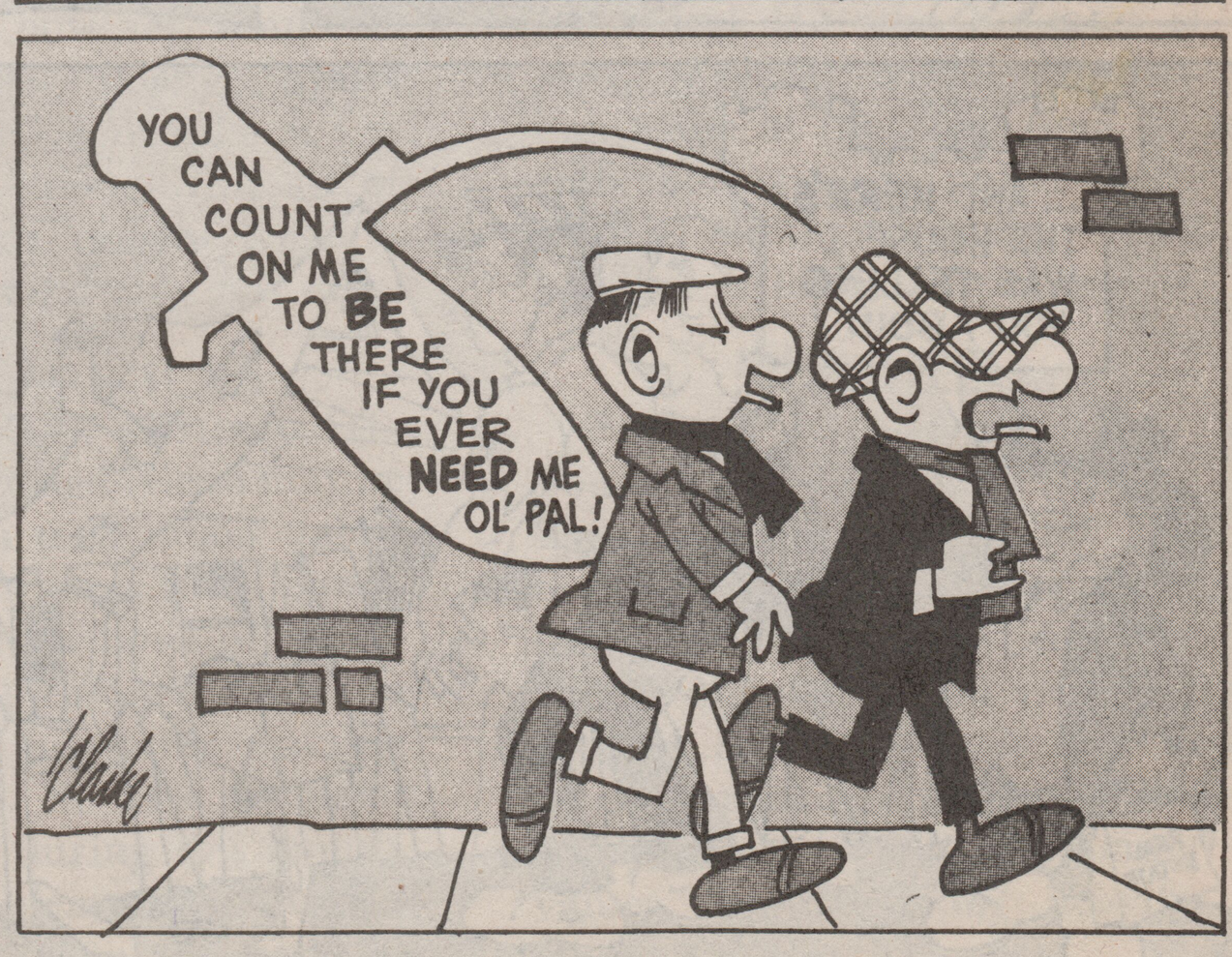
Comic Strips are slowly fading from the American scene. It may be that they lack this psychological depth. So why not add a new Freudian dimension to Comic Strips by using

STRIP BALLOONS

WRITER: DON EDWING







HI!

...WHICH REMINDS ME OF ANOTHER FUNNY STORY!

SAY! YOU'RE NEW HERE, AREN'T YOU?

HI HON, I GOTTA WORK LATE AT THE OFFICE!

THE WHITE MAN WILL DEAL FAIRLY WITH YOU IF YOU JUST SIGN IT!

TREATY

... AND HERE'S THE HOUSE I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT!

REAL ESTATE

ARCHIE, I HAVE TO TALK TO YOU...



ZODIACS MURDER DEPT.

YOUR MAD HOROSCOPE

TODAY'S BIRTHDAY: HAPPY BIRTHDAY

AIRES
March 21—April 19

Your moon is now in the House of Pancakes and is expected to remain there for some time—what with two waitresses calling in sick and a third vacationing in Aruba. The A.M. is a very good time to take advantage of fools. However, seek the advice of an expert before attempting surgery on yourself or someone you love.

TAURUS
April 20—May 20

Due to a slight imbalance in the tides, there is some confusion among the stars as to whether or not you really exist. This question will be quickly resolved just as soon as someone makes an attempt to pick up your laundry. Rash decisions could prove very harmful today, so exercise great caution when selecting a salve.

GEMINI TWINS
May 21—June 21

New movement in the stars suggest that you are not twins at all but rather clones! This may be why your mother's face is always razored out of the family portrait. The evening is an excellent time for you to get together with persons whose ideas are similar to your own unless, of course, you are a real moron.

MOON CHILDREN
June 22—July 22

Make detailed plans for social activities you may wish to engage in later in the day. Then, later in the day, make detailed plans for social activities you may wish to engage in tomorrow. Repeat this routine faithfully throughout the remainder of the calendar year and you can easily avoid any kind of real work.

LEO
July 23—August 22

What was believed to have been the main star guiding your life now appears to be nothing more than an enormous chunk of Skylab still floating around the atmosphere. This means that any advice you've ever read in this or any other horoscope has been way off base. We sincerely apologize for any inconveniences suffered.

VIRGO
August 23—September 22

Some foreign intrigue. A short man in France is now plotting to overthrow your mother and move in with your father. Making matters worse, the short man is a bureaucrat. Meanwhile, your impatience with the legal process continues to wear thin. Your new plan to set fire to the judge's robes, however, remains unsound.

LIBRA
September 23—October 23

The main star influencing your fate has moved—leaving behind a flock of unpaid utility bills, and no forwarding galaxy. Until such time as we at Horoscope Central can locate the missing star, you're on your own. Best of luck with what you can only be described as a very bleak and altogether loathsome situation.

SCORPIO
October 24—November 21

You can make many of your loved ones much brighter today by giving them a quick coat of semi-gloss, outdoor paint. Puttying-up the holes, however, would be ill-advised. A lifelong loyalty has not been misplaced — it has been stolen — along with all of your traveler's checks. Remain healthy, but take your sick days.

SAGITTARIUS
November 22–December 21

A disturbing day. The moon cries out to you: "Haste makes waste!" while the Big Dipper cries out: "If you listen to the moon, you are crazy! He who hesitates is lost!" This is terribly confusing, while at the same time terribly boring — not unlike Presidential election debates. Your best bet is to hoard raw meats.

CAPRICORN
December 22—January 19

Your cusp has broken into the House of Leo while Leo was on a gas line, and has made off with a portable T.V., an electric can opener and a still-undetermined amount of cash. It would be improper for you to contact the proper authorities and vice versa. Avoid legal clinics, firing squads and well-lit alleyways.

AQUARIUS
January 20—February 18

A long and trusted friend may be in a bit of a testy mood today, so make allowances for a punch in the mouth, a bowl of exceptionally well-seasoned chile in your lap, or just some scathing verbal abuse. No new problems will develop during this month. Your old problems are more than sufficient to finish you off.

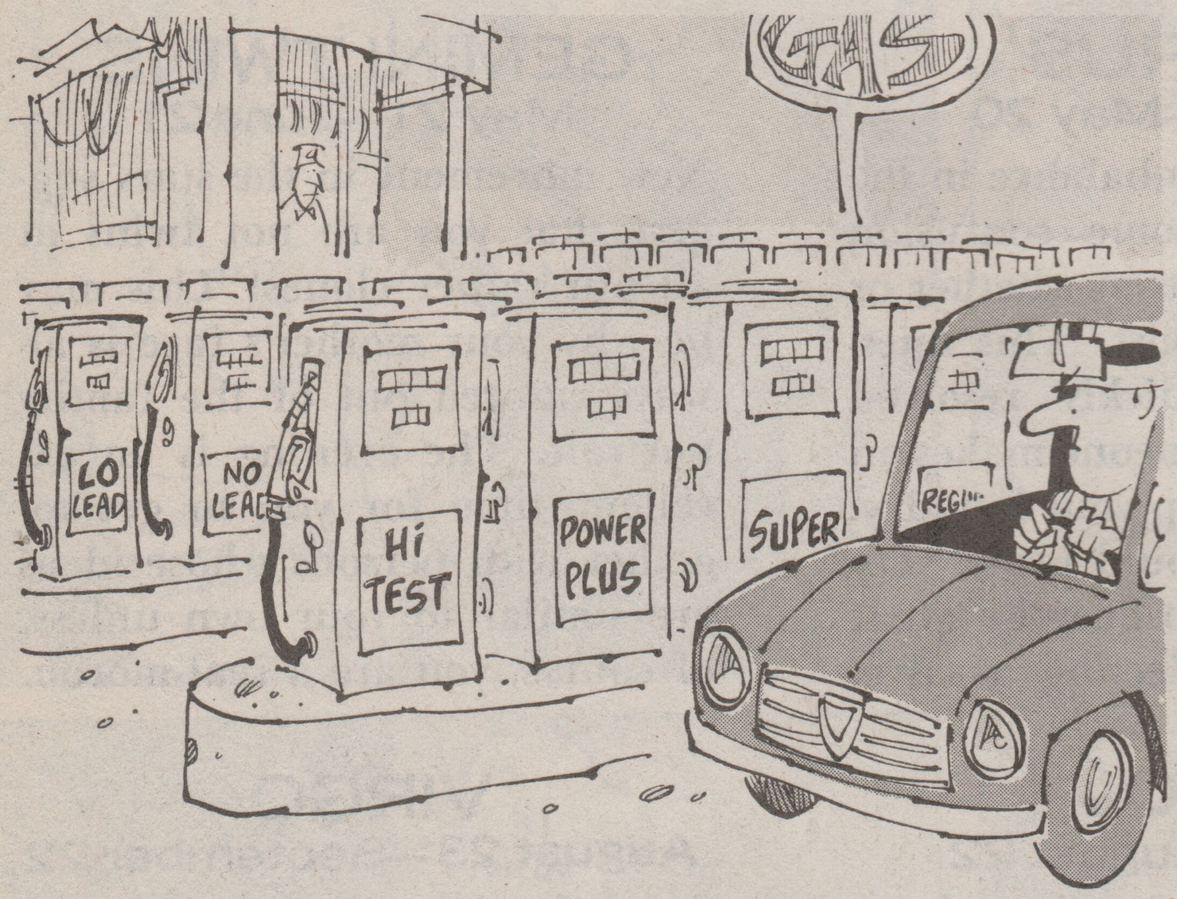
PISCES
February 19—March 20

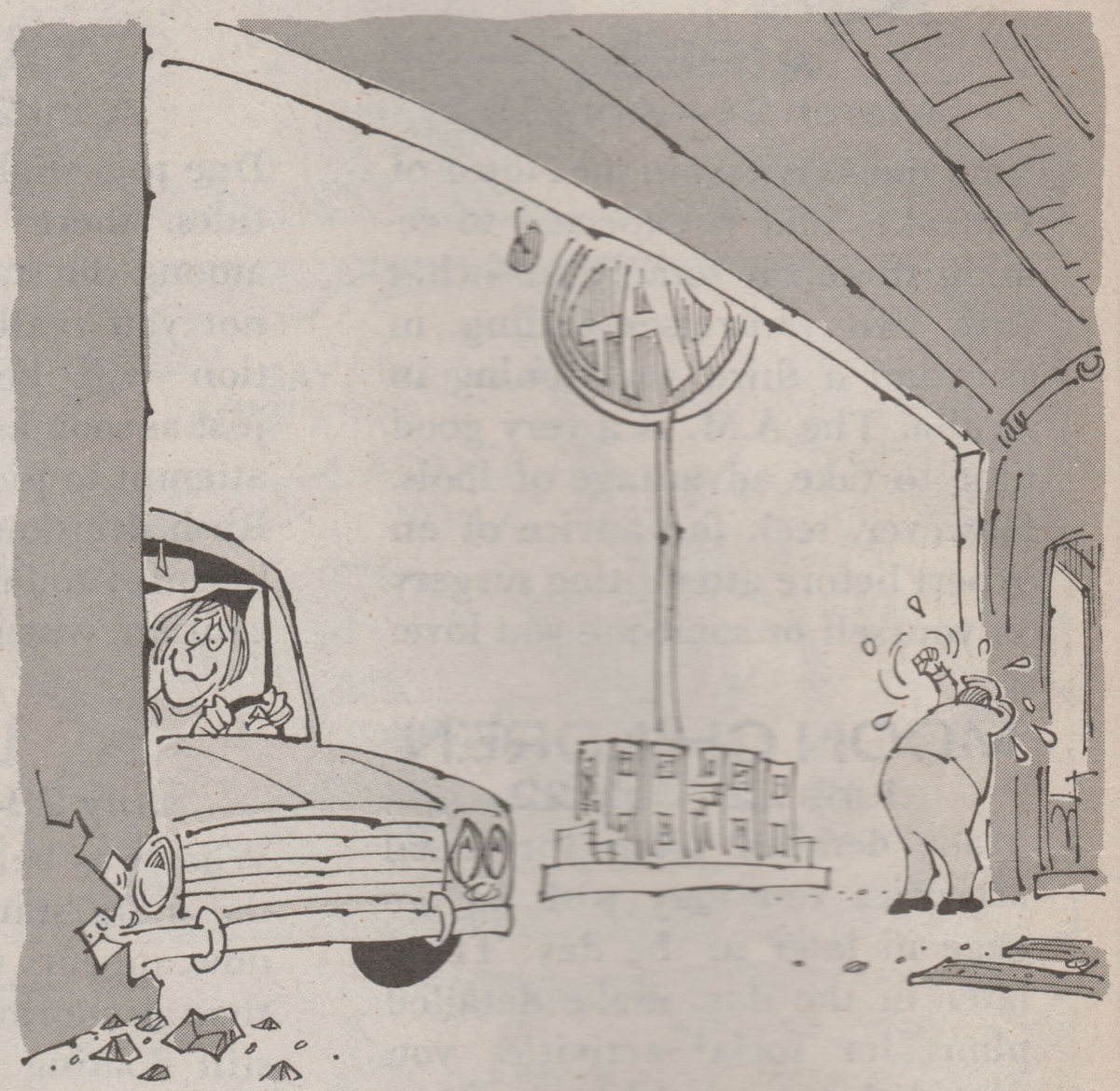
You are the last of the Zodiac signs and this is certainly not by accident. You have relatively few, if any, friends; you are widely distrusted; and your bad taste in clothes appeals only to people's prurient interest while lacking any socially redeeming values. Start drinking heavily.

WRITER: JOHN FICARRA

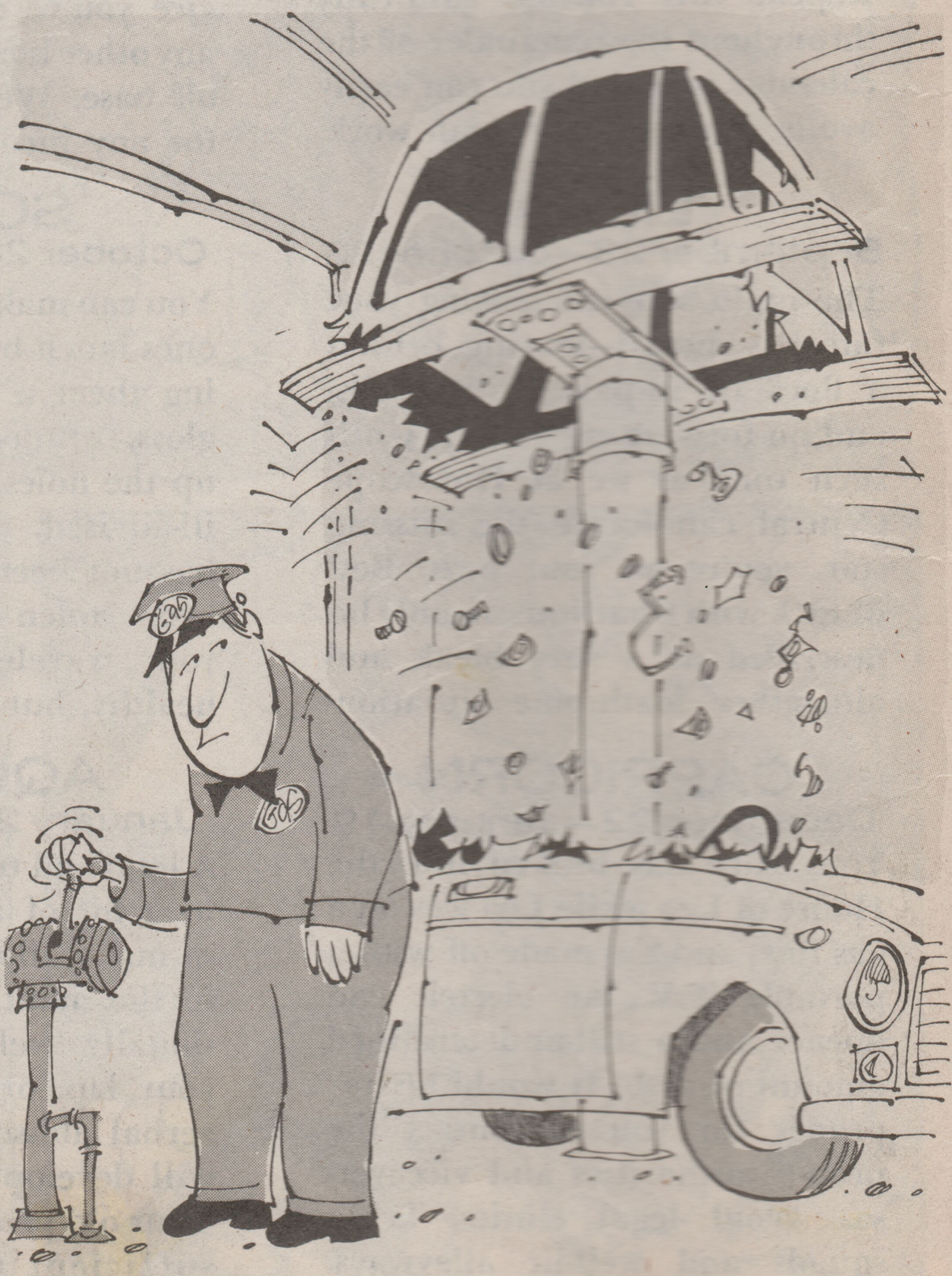
PUMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT... SERVICE





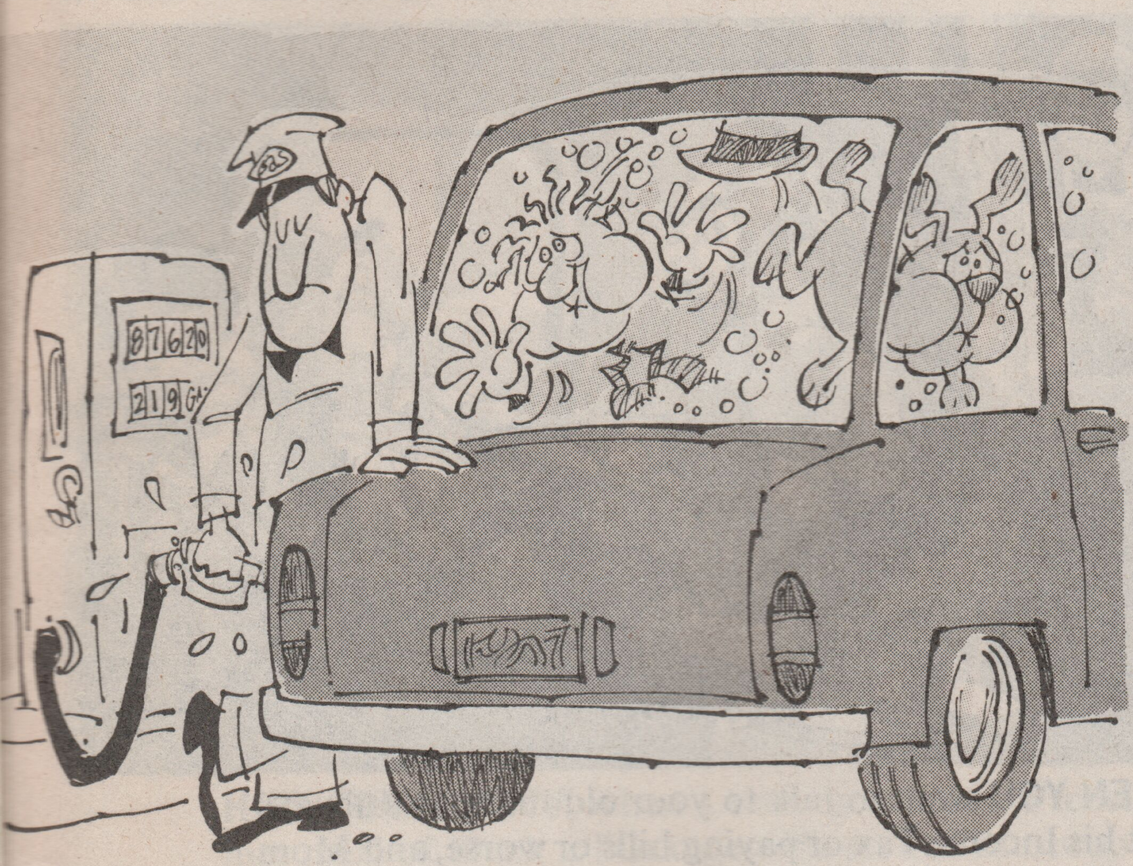




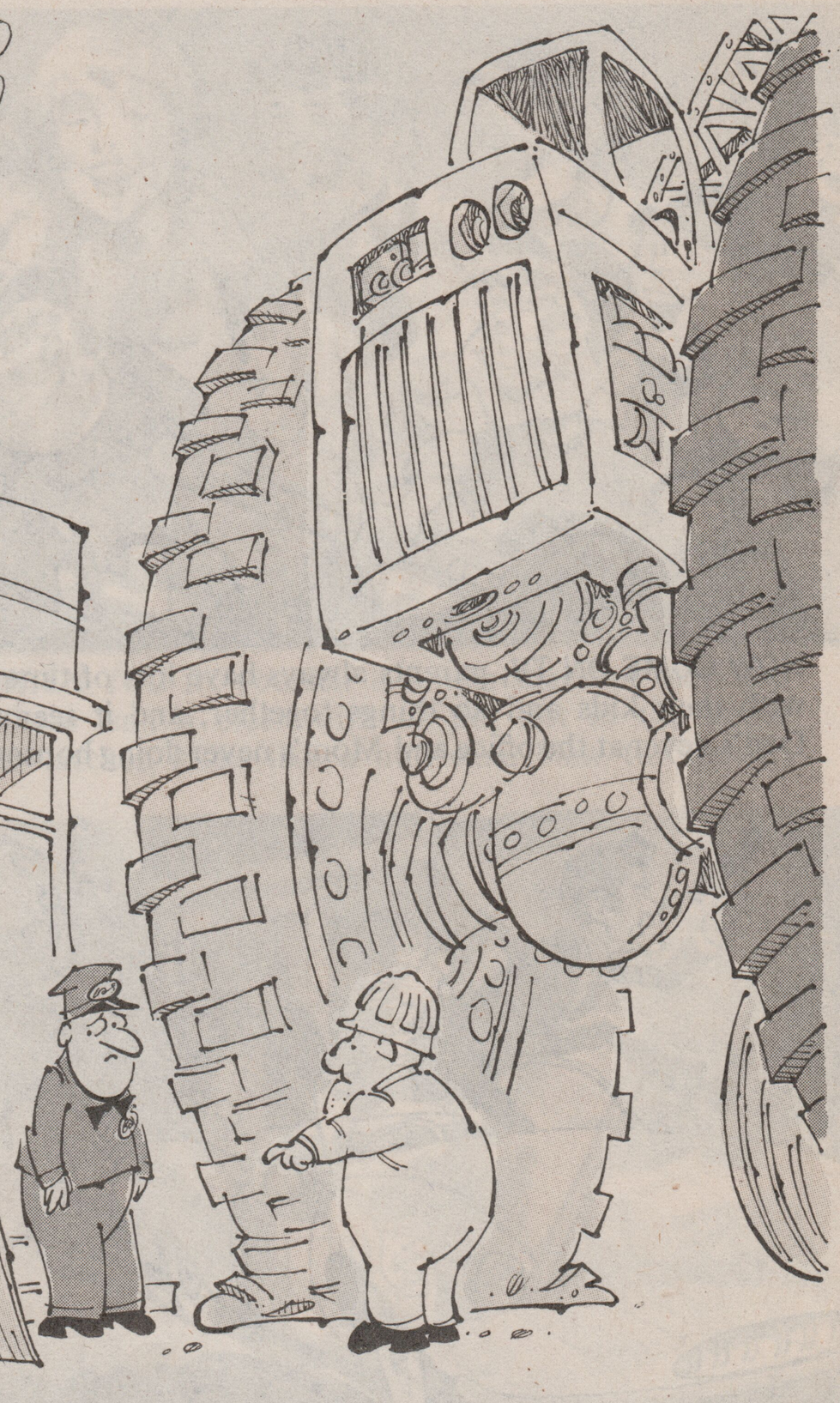
STATIONS

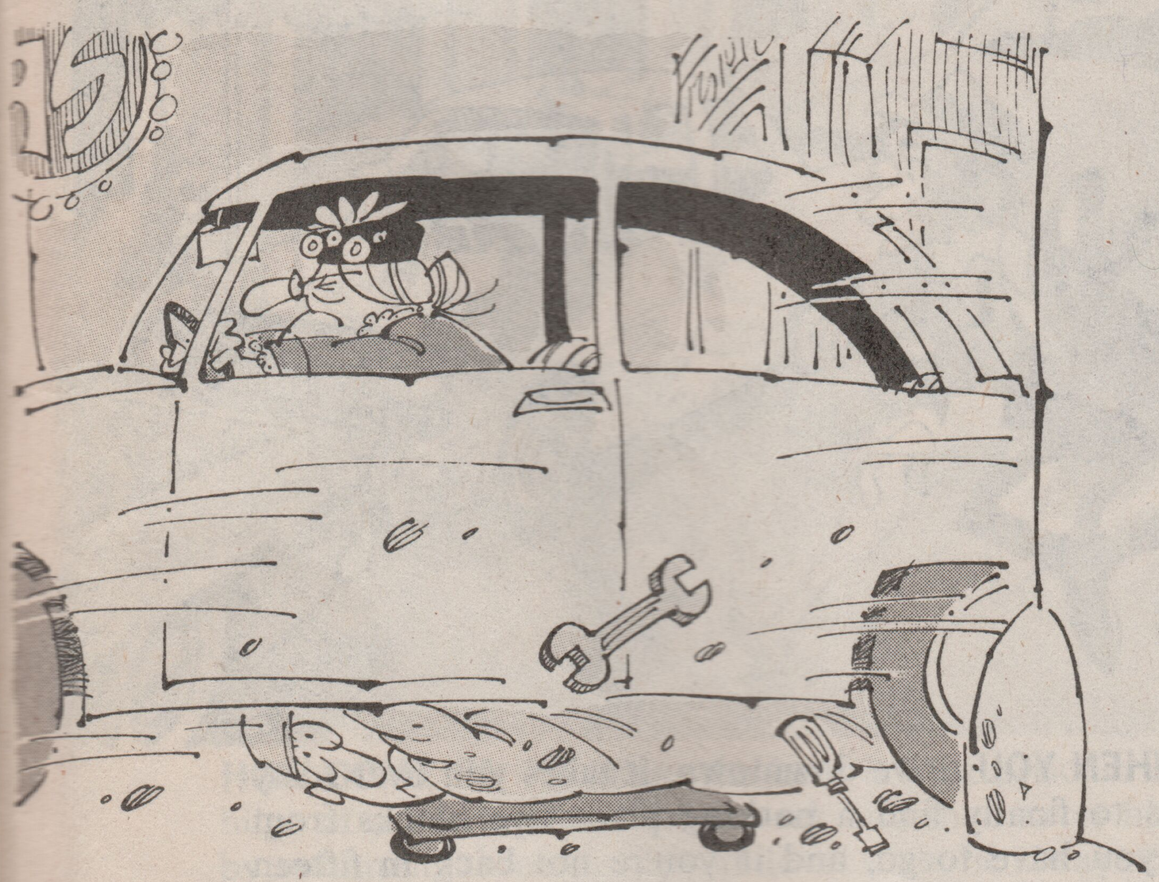
ARTIST:
PAUL COKER, JR.

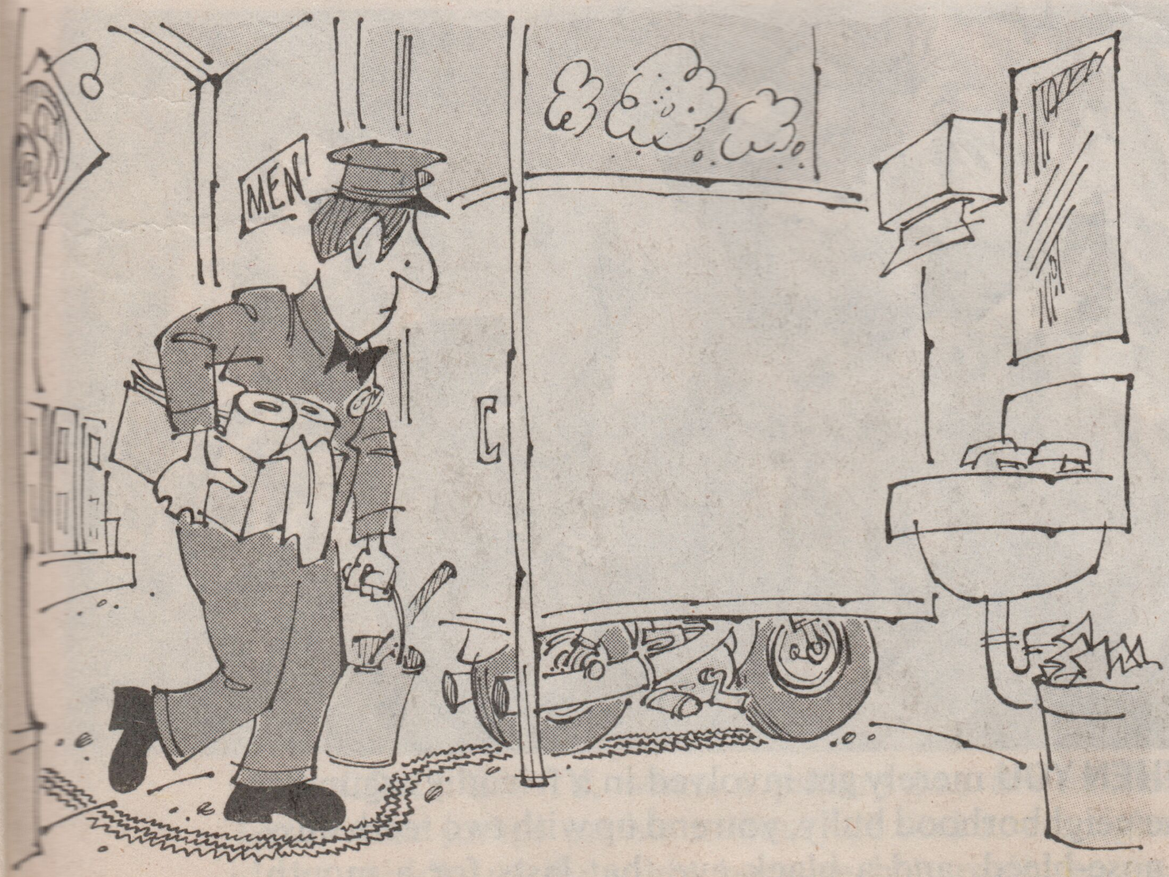
WRITER:
DON EDWING

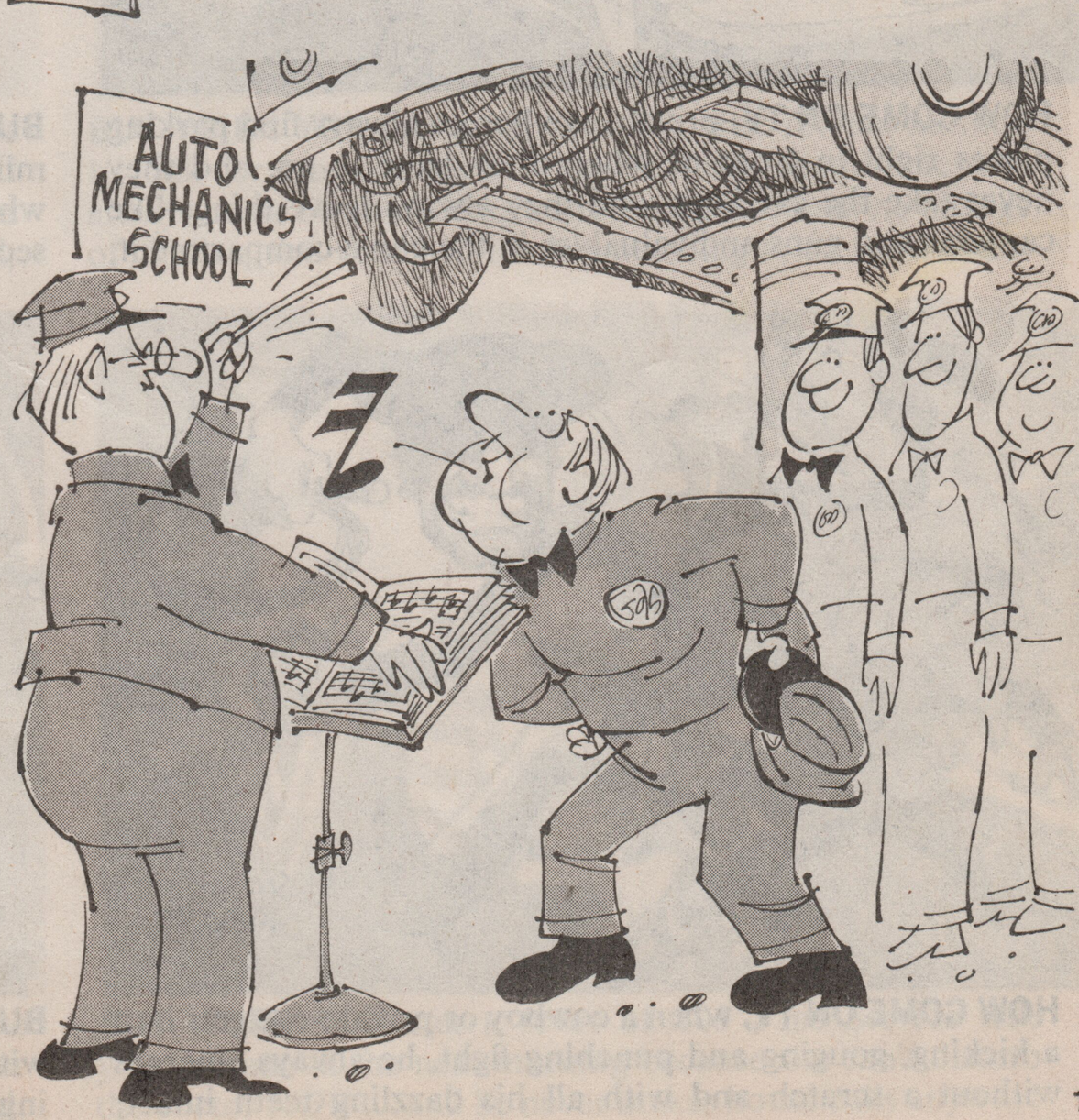








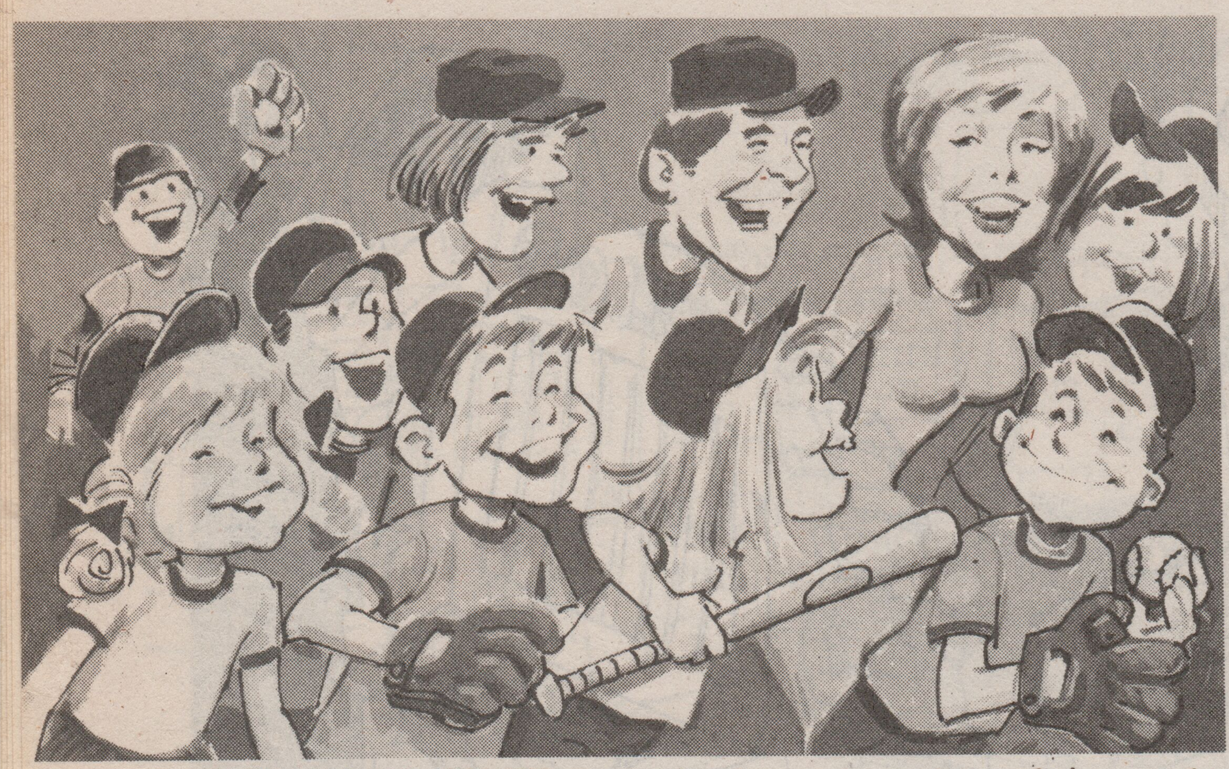




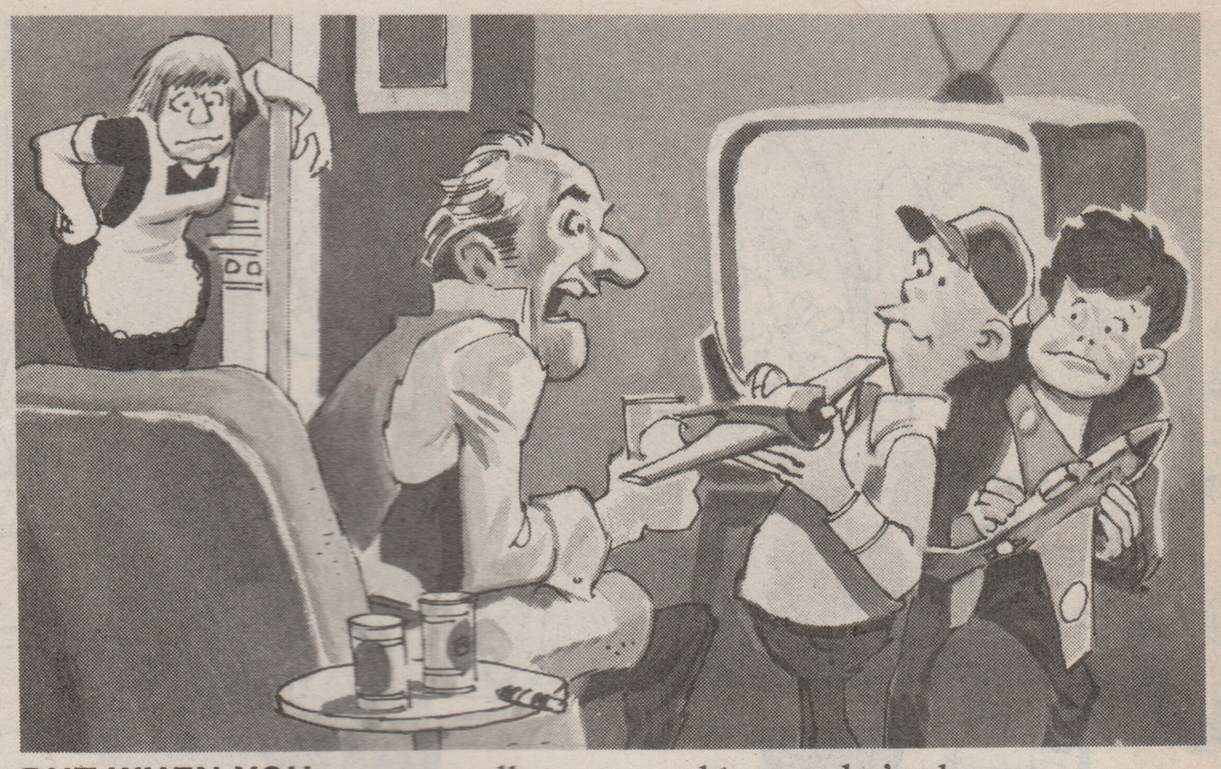
TO TELLY TRUTH DEPT.

HOW COM

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD



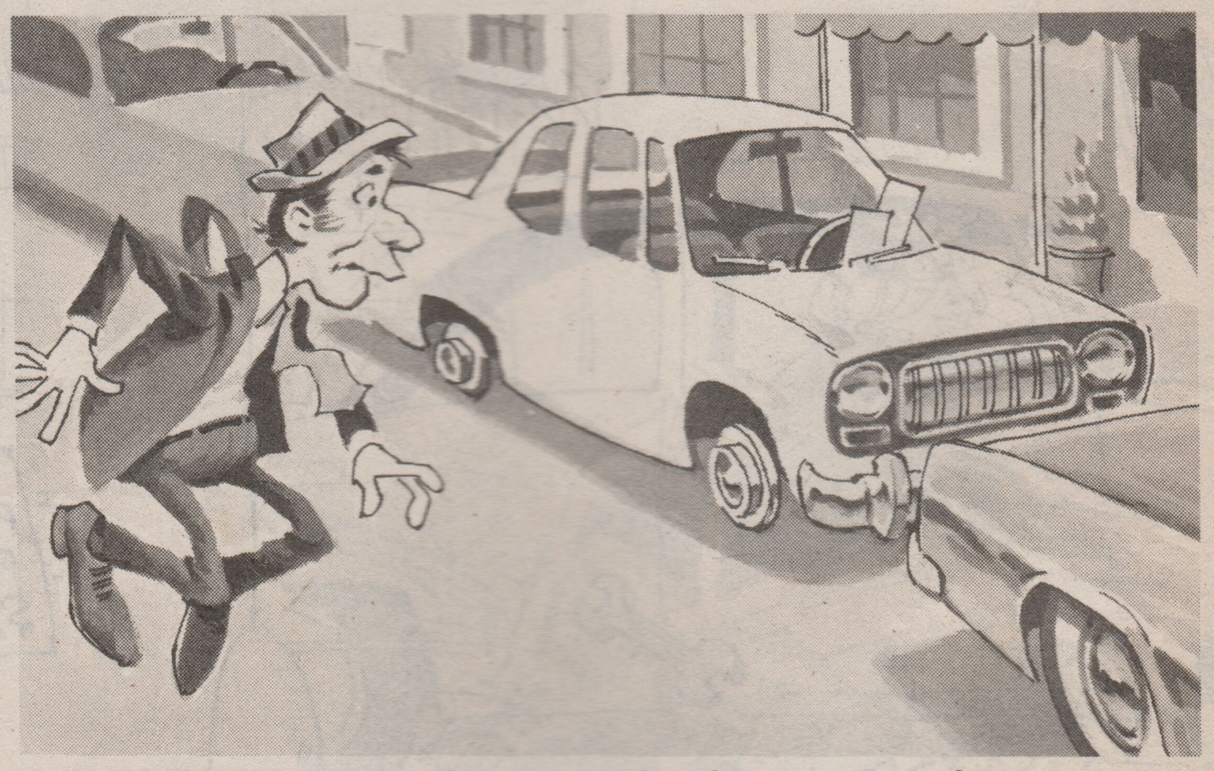
HOW COME ON TV, parents always have lots of time to be with their kids and do things together, and it seems like Dad's never at the office and Mom's never doing housework,



BUT WHEN YOU want to talk to your old man, he's always filling out his Income Tax or paying bills or worse, and Mom has a headache and always wants to go out for dinner!



HOW COME ON TV, private-eye heroes always find parking places right in front of where they have to go, and they never take the car keys, and they always leave things like cameras and guns and valuables in the glove compartment,



BUT WHEN YOU drive downtown, it takes you over forty minutes to finally find a parking place five blocks from where you have to go, and if you're not back in fifteen seconds, you find your car's been stripped and ticketed!



HOW COME ON TV, when a cowboy or private-eye gets into a kicking, gouging and punching fight, he always emerges without a scratch and with all his dazzling teeth intact,



BUT WHEN YOU merely get involved in a friendly argument with the neighborhood bully, you end up with two teeth missing, a nose-bleed, and a black eye that lasts for a month!



E ON TV...?

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



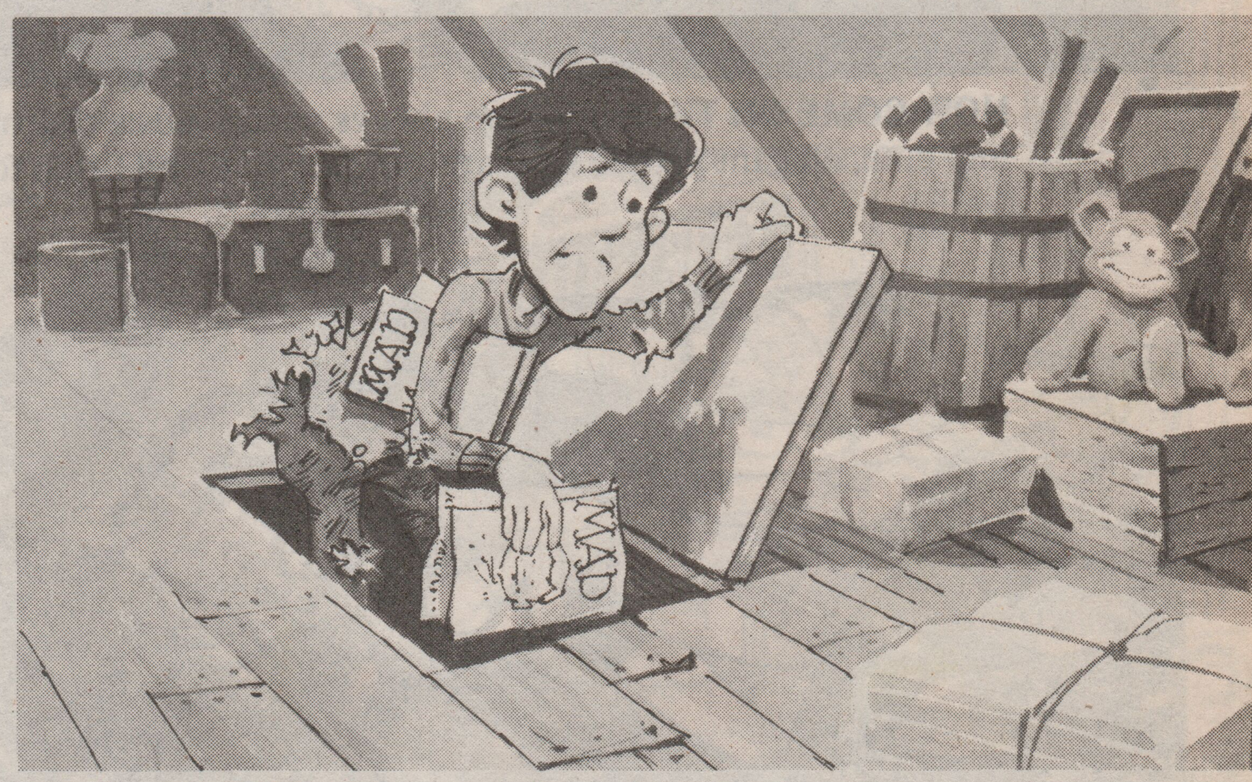
HOW COME ON TV, when a cook prepares a French gourmet meal of Duck a l'Orange with stuffed mushroom caps and Crêpes Suzette, there's never a dirty dish in sight...



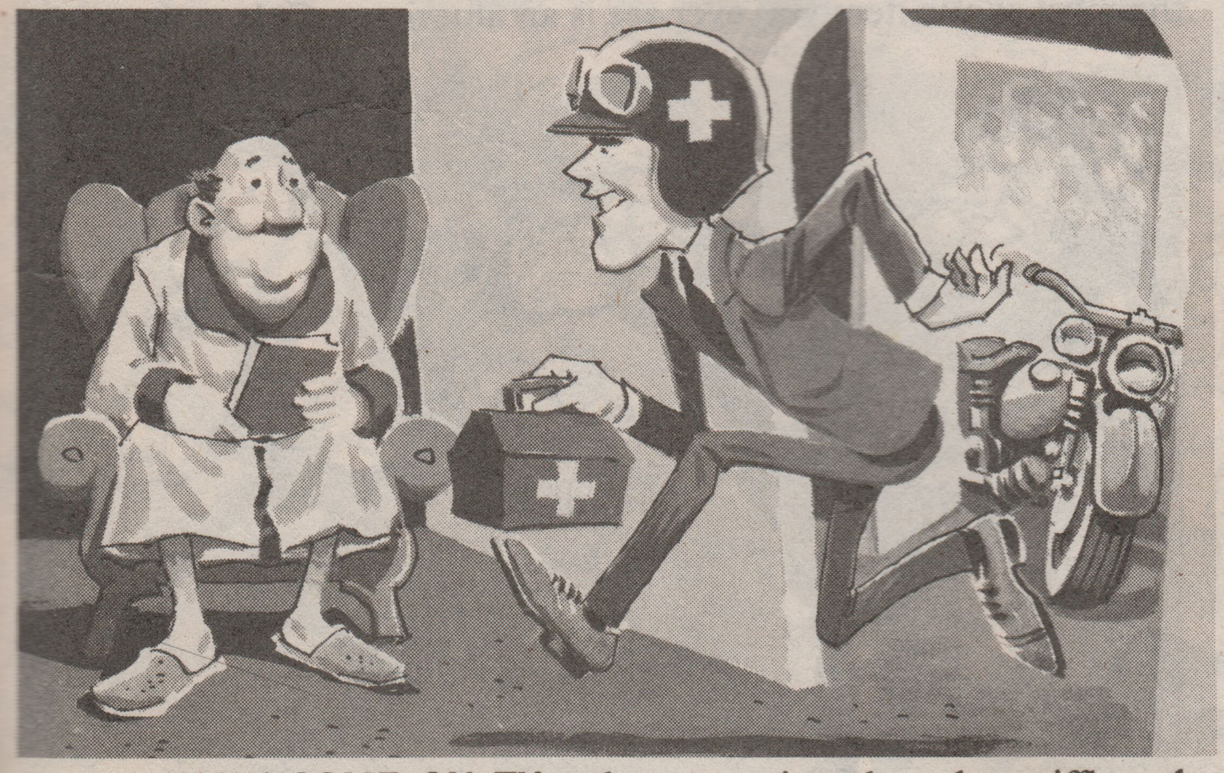
BUT WHEN YOU fix yourself a simple snack of ham and eggs, there isn't a clean dish or pot left in the house and the kitchen looks like a hurricane blew through it!



HOW COME ON TV, when the hero is kept prisoner in the bilge of a herring boat for a week and then saves himself by swimming through a two-mile oil slick, he always comes out with his suit looking like it's just been dry cleaned,



BUT WHEN YOU just go up into the attic for ten minutes to look for a back copy of The National Geographic, you always come down needing a shower and a complete change of clothes, and your Mother has mending to do for a week!



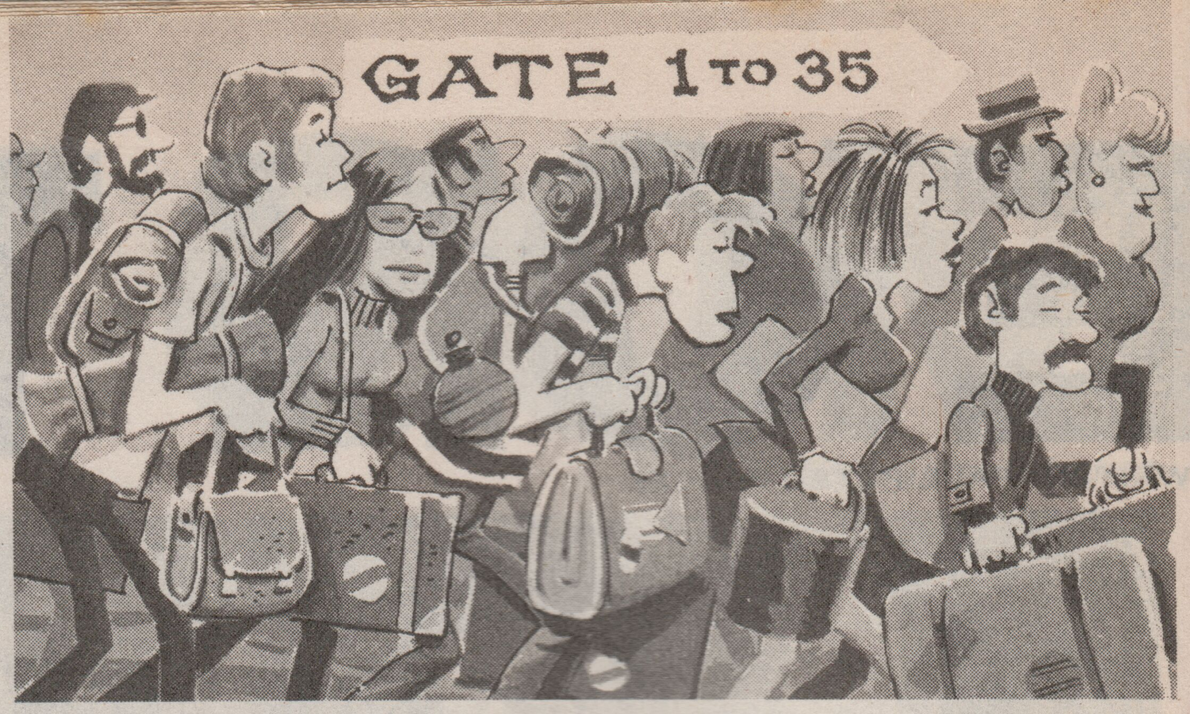
HOW COME ON TV, when a patient has the sniffles, the TV Doctor jumps on his motorcycle and roars right over in the middle of the night because he's really concerned,



BUT WHEN YOU run a fever of 105°, his Service tells you to come in the next morning because she can't disturb the doctor *NOW*... and he never makes house calls anyway!



HOW COME ON TV, commercials for airlines always show carefree, happy people traveling with hardly any luggage,



BUT WHEN YOU travel by air, your plane is cancelled or 6 hours late, and they always load at the furthest gate!



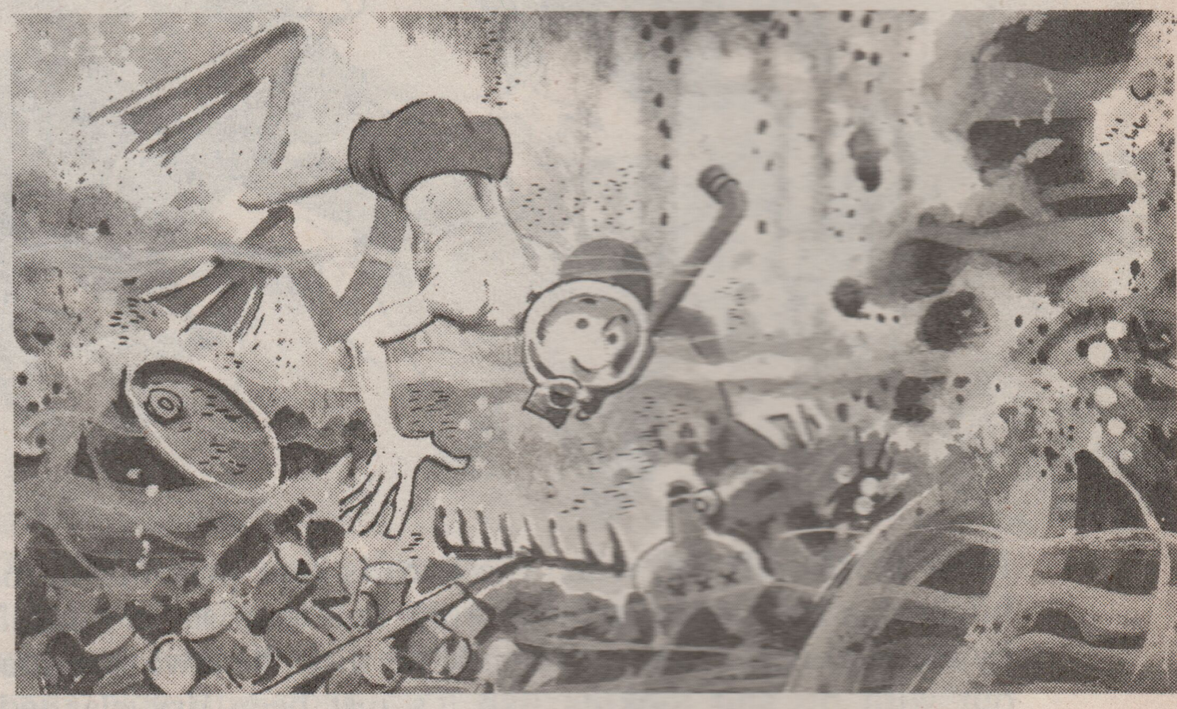
HOW COME ON TV, drunks are always portrayed as charming, cute, elegant people who are fun to watch and listen to,



BUT WHEN YOU run into a drunk, he's usually obnoxious, he always reeks, and he invariably throws up all over you!



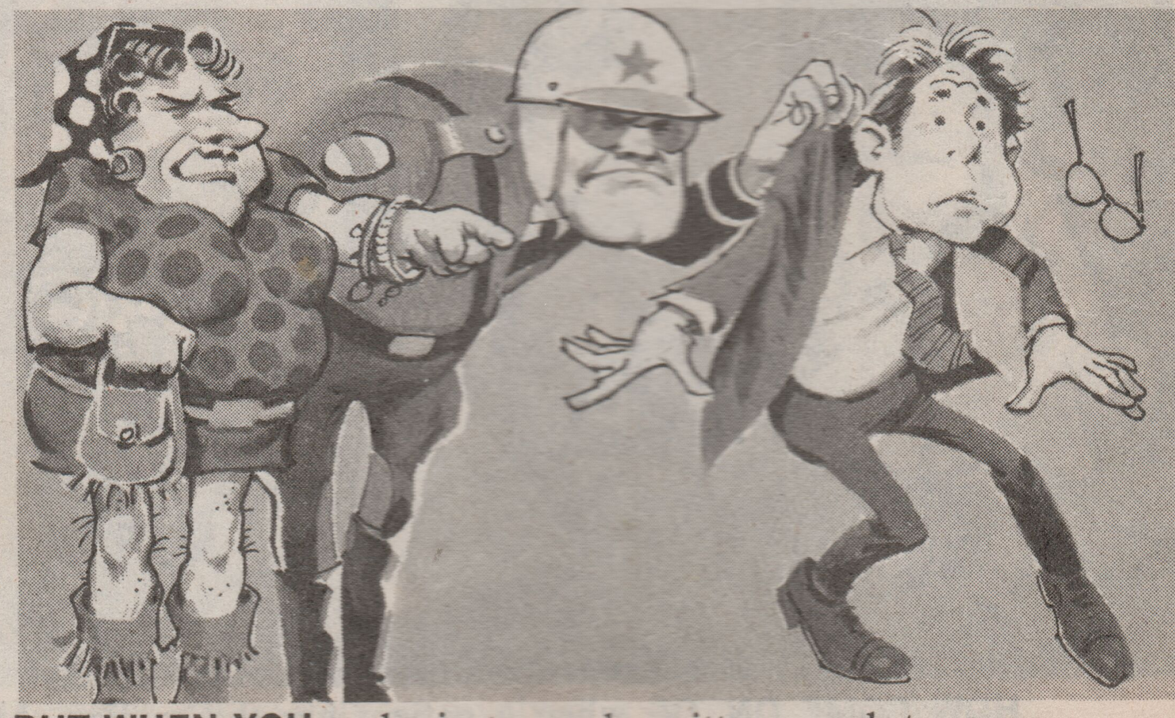
HOW COME ON TV, underwater shots are always where it's crystal clear with exotic colored fish, plants and coral,



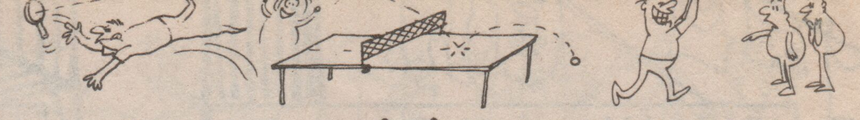
BUT WHEN YOU go snorkeling in the muddy waters near you, the most exotic item you ever see is an aluminum Cola can.



HOW COME ON TV, the sexy, gorgeous girl usually talks to the fellow first, and she always invites him up to her apartment for a home-cooked meal...or a drink...or...



BUT WHEN YOU make just one sly, witty remark to some ugly girl on the street, she immediately screams for the cops and has you arrested for making a lewd suggestion!



OPENED SESAME DEPT.

No one can fault the success of teaching children basic things in entertaining ways, and the television series "Sesame Street" does it better than most. Unfortunately, it helps little Johnny to read—but not between the lines! What we need is a television show that will prepare our youth for what really lies ahead, a program like

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

MAD'S REALITY STREET

Crummy day . . .
Smoggy sky's charcoal gray!
On my way past where
the bullies meet . . .
Is there a way to avoid,
To avoid Reality Street?

What a life . . .
Everywhere's doom and strife!
Hostile neighbors shout,
They're down and out!
Is there a way to escape,
To escape Reality Street?

It's a street of depression,
Corruption, oppression!
It's a sadist's dream
come true!
And masochists too!
People who like a . . .

Crummy day!
Smoggy sky's charcoal gray!
We're on the avenue
of defeat . . .
Is there a way to evade,
To evade Reality Street?

Hi, cats! My name is Gorgon, and this portion of **Reality Street** is brought to you by the letter **P** . . .

Now, the letter **P** stands for:
Please
Pardon
Polite . . .
Words that are all just about
Passé!

Pusher

Puff

Psychedelic

Physician

Peaceful

BANG!

Poacher

Prolific

Population

Pelts

LEOPARD SORRY EXTINCT!

Pity

Peril

PILL

Pill

Now that last one, **Pill**, can be replaced by **Pope** if there's any objection! But before we go over to Curt and Ornery, let's take a Pregnant Pause . . .

Hey, Ornery, you said you would teach me how to **tell time** today! And not that "big hand on the 12, little hand on the 7" stuff, either!

Okay! We'll start with some **easy** ones! What time does a 9:00 o'clock plane leave the airport?

That's simple! **9:00 o'clock!**

You're simple! A 9:00 o'clock plane will leave at 11:00, if you're **lucky!**

What time does a train scheduled to arrive at 9:00 **actually** arrive?

11:00 o'clock?

A.M. or P.M.?

Gee, this is tougher than I thought!

Don't worry, you'll catch on. Now let's take another **true-to-life** situation! You are invited to a party. The card says **8:30 P.M.** What time do you make your **entrance,** Curt?

Not 8:30?

No, 8:30 is the time you start to get **dressed!** You should arrive no earlier than **9:30!!**

But suppose they **really** wanted me there at 8:30?!

Then, **silly,** they would have asked you to come at **7:30!**

I think I'd better go back to the **big hand** and the **little hand** bit, Ornery . . .

Okay, we'll come back to it **later** . . .

When's **later?**

That's your **next** lesson! In reality, "later" can mean weeks, months, or even **years** from now, but more often than not, the word **later** means **never!**

Wouldn't it be more **honest** just to come out and say "never"?

Honest, yes, but **smart** no! On **Reality Street** you have to keep one step ahead of the next guy, and the way to do it is by **sincere insincerity!**

Can you lend me 10 bucks?

Later!

Sure! When'll you pay me back?

You're **learning,** Curt, you're **learning!**

Oh, hi, **cake monster!** How about a piece of delicious **cake I** just bought in the store?

Ugh . . . tummy ache . . . pain . . . bad news . . . ugh . . . **no more cake!**

Tummy ache? From **cake?** With all those **healthy** ingredients?

Just . . . ugh! **read label . . .** pain . . .

Contains emulsifiers, reconstituted dry milk, imitation color, sodium bensoate, glycerine . . .

Ugh . . . suffering . . . pain . . .

. . . sodium propionate, monosodium glutamate, potassium sorgate . . . lecithin and vanillin . . .

Enough . . . **Enough! Belly hurt . . .** taste **yecch . . .**

Oh, cake monster, it's all in your **mind!** It still **tastes** good! See what it says on the label? **Artificially flavored!**

This portion of **Reality Street** is brought to you by the number **FIVE . . .**

5 countries . . . with 5 H-bombs . . .

5 leaders . . . with 5 different opinions . . .

5 panic buttons . . . with 5 fingers . . .

5 easy pieces!

WHAM!

What are you doing, Ookie?

Did you find a **better** place than your **garbage can?**

Moving!

Bigger and better.

Where?

Right on the **street!** Anyone like me who prefers the comfort of **garbage** and **filth** can live like a king in **today's cities!**

Hi! I'm Dirty Bird, and now it's time to **count** like the **government** counts . . . ready? Okay, **Military!** One **million,** two **billion,** three **trillion,** four **zillion!** That's called **escalation** of numbers!

Military
1 million
2 billion
3 trillion
4 zillion

Now it's time for **cutting down!** Okay, now, tighten your belts and begin on **education!** Four **million,** three **thousand,** two **hundred, one!** That's **it!** Bye!

Education
4 million
3 thous
2 hundred
1

Hey, Curt, what's **that** you have?

A **toy telephone,** Scary!

Gee, it looks just like a **real** phone!

It works just like a real one, too! Watch! Dial my number—4448!

This is fun! **4-4-4-8 . . .**

I'm sorry, but your call did not go through! Be sure you are dialing correctly! Hang up and dial again! Thank you!

Try again, Scary!

Okay . . . **4-4-4-8**

I'm sorry, but the number you have reached is not a working number! Please check your local directory!

C'mon, try again!

All right, Curt, but this isn't as much fun as I thought it would be! **4-4-4-8**

I'm sorry, but all the circuits are busy at this time! Please try again later. Thank you!

Great, huh?

Great? Why, I tried 3 times and couldn't get you **once!**

That's what makes this toy phone so **real!** If you **did** get me it would **spoil** everything!

Well, it looks like we've run out of time for today! But we'll be back tomorrow to bring you another . . .

Fat chance, buddy! We're here to knock this set down!

But you **can't do that!** This is **Reality Street,** especially constructed to show our young people about **life today!**

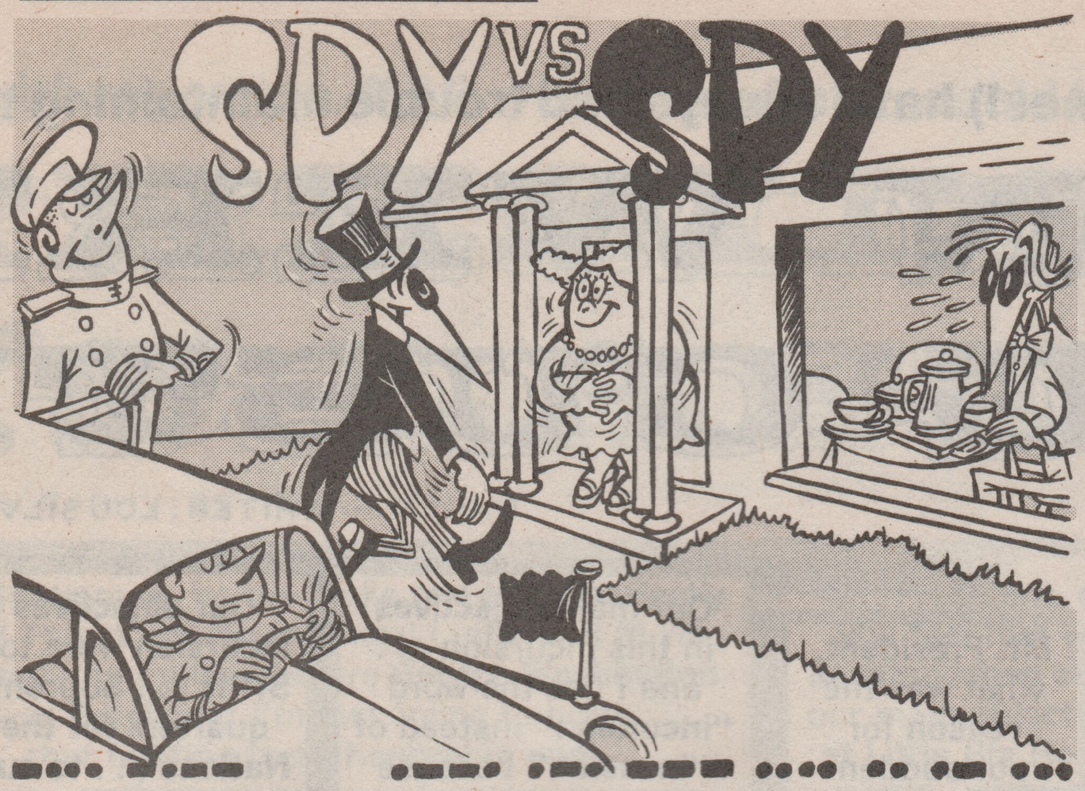
So we'll **help** you, Mac! We'll start by ripping **half** of it down: Then we'll go on **strike** and leave everything in such a mess that no one can use it while union chiefs, bosses, and mediators argue and get nowhere for **months!** They'll finally settle for a raise which will be more than we deserve, which'll send everyone else out on strike for raises just to keep even with us . . .

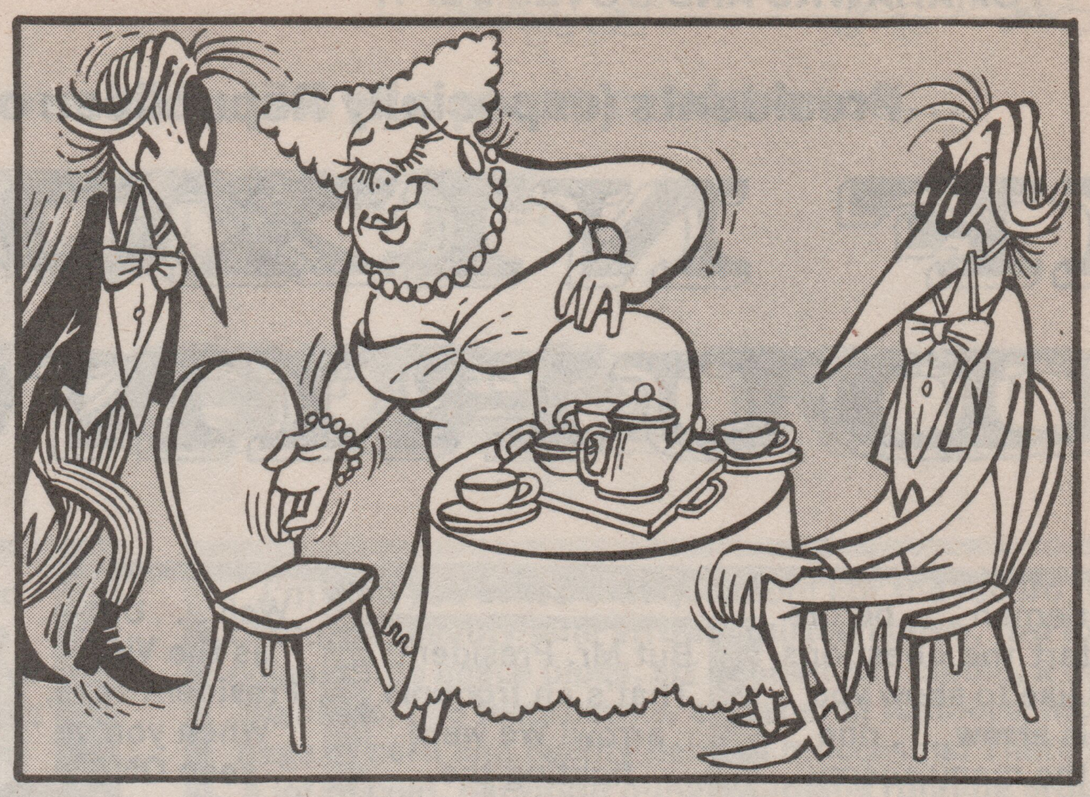
Of course, the strained power and transportation facilities will be strained even **more** in the whole process, and as inflation spirals **upwards,** more jobs will go **down the drain,** increasing unemployment, not to mention welfare costs. Taxes will go up to pay for it, naturally, while in Washington . . .

Enough! **Enough!** I get the point! But you still didn't tell me **why** they're taking **Reality Street** down! Do they need the space for a **library?** A **park?** A **hospital?**

Are you kidding? This site is being cleared for a new **munitions development plant!**

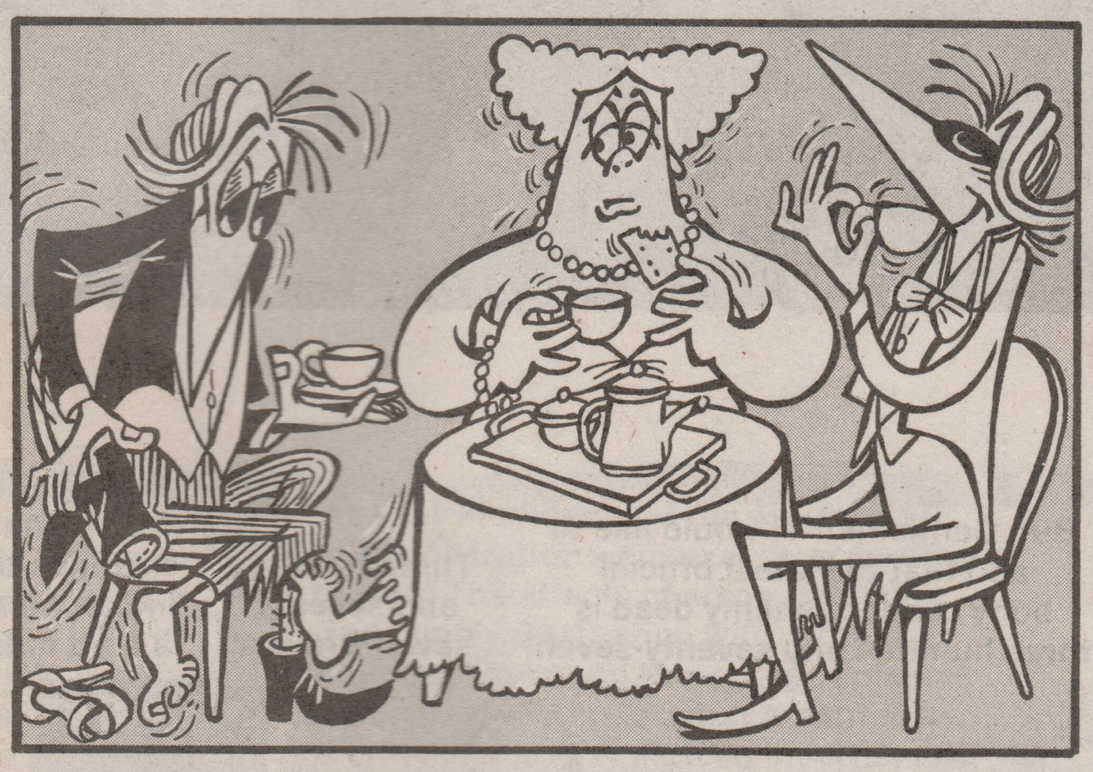
Get the picture, kiddies?

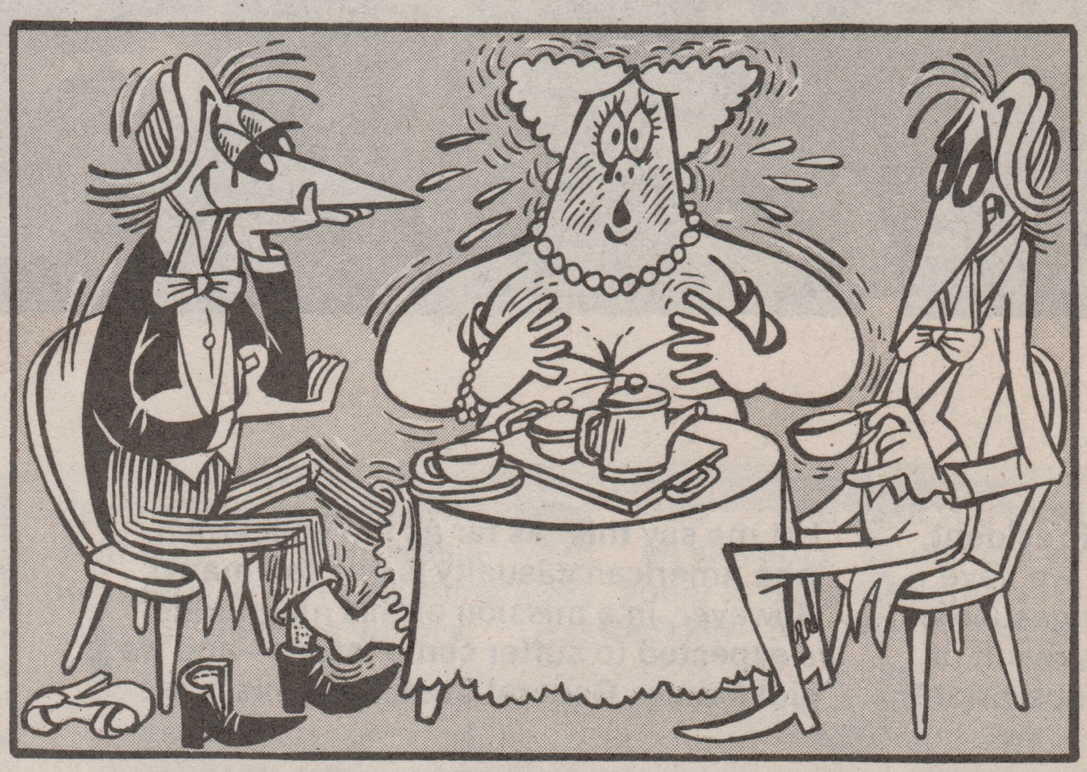

SPY VS SPY

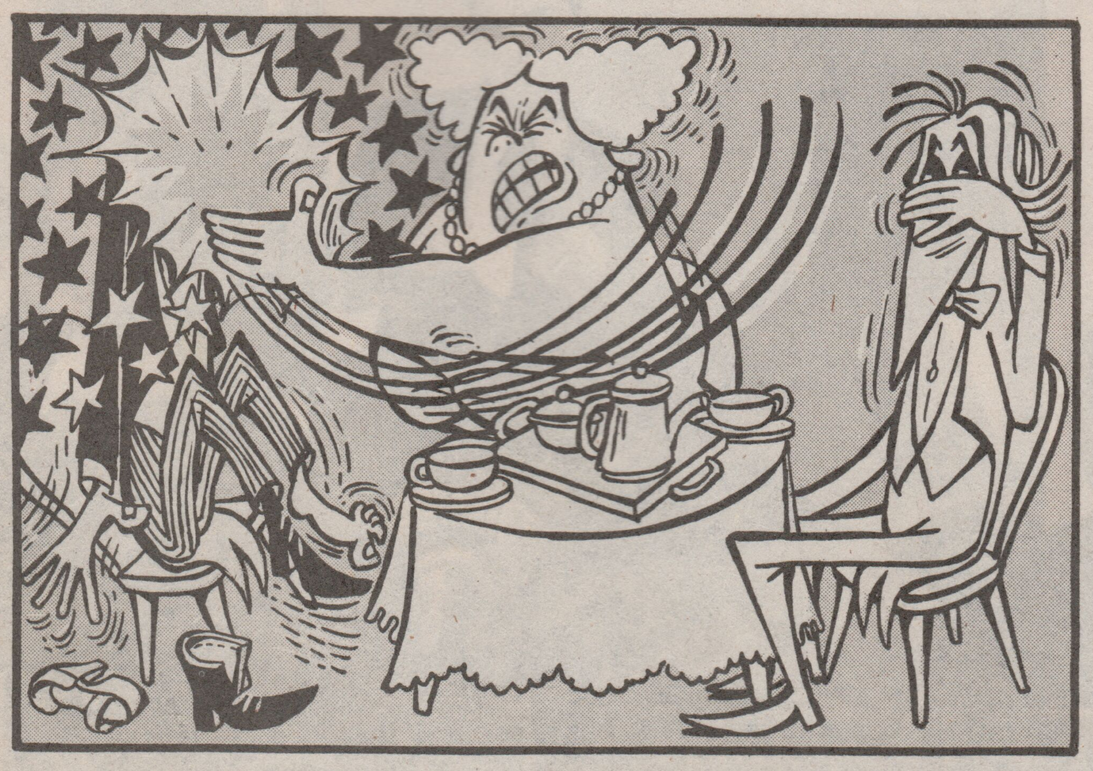


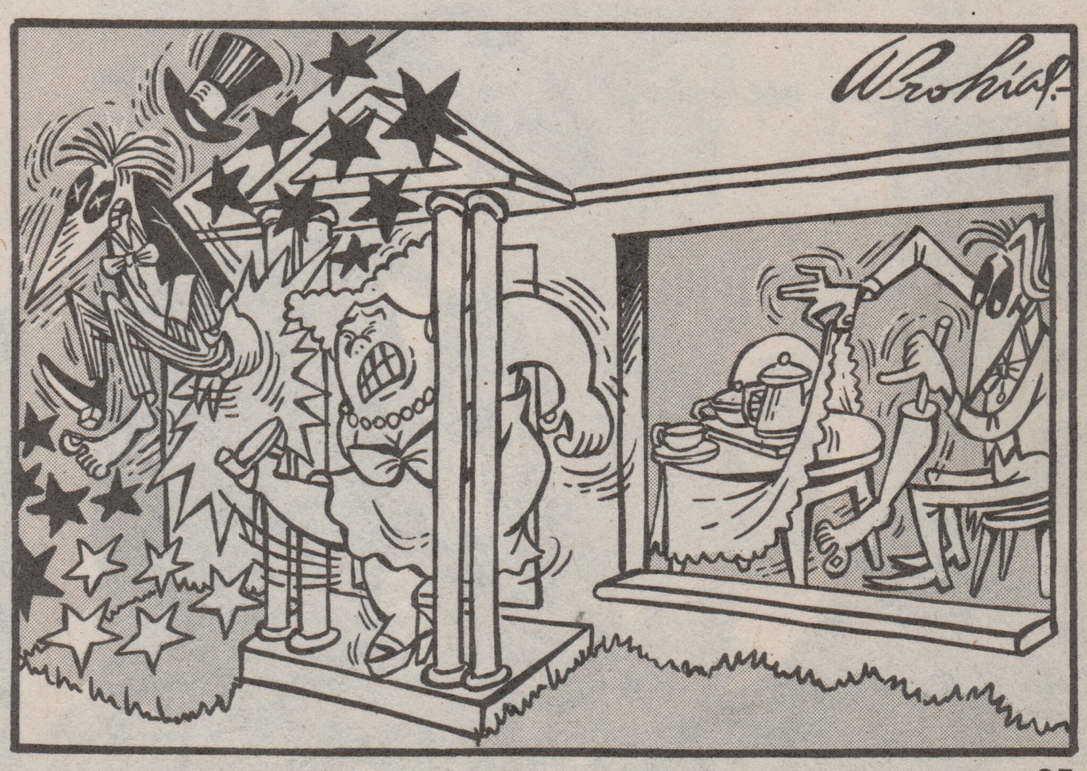











Brochial-

TOMAHAWKS AND DOVES DEPT.

Presidents (especially Republican ones!) have always had trouble maintaining their cr

IF NIXON WERE DURING CUSTE

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Gentlemen . . . before we start the questions, I'd like to show you this **arrow** . . . one of the many enemy **weapons** we captured at **Little Big Horn!**

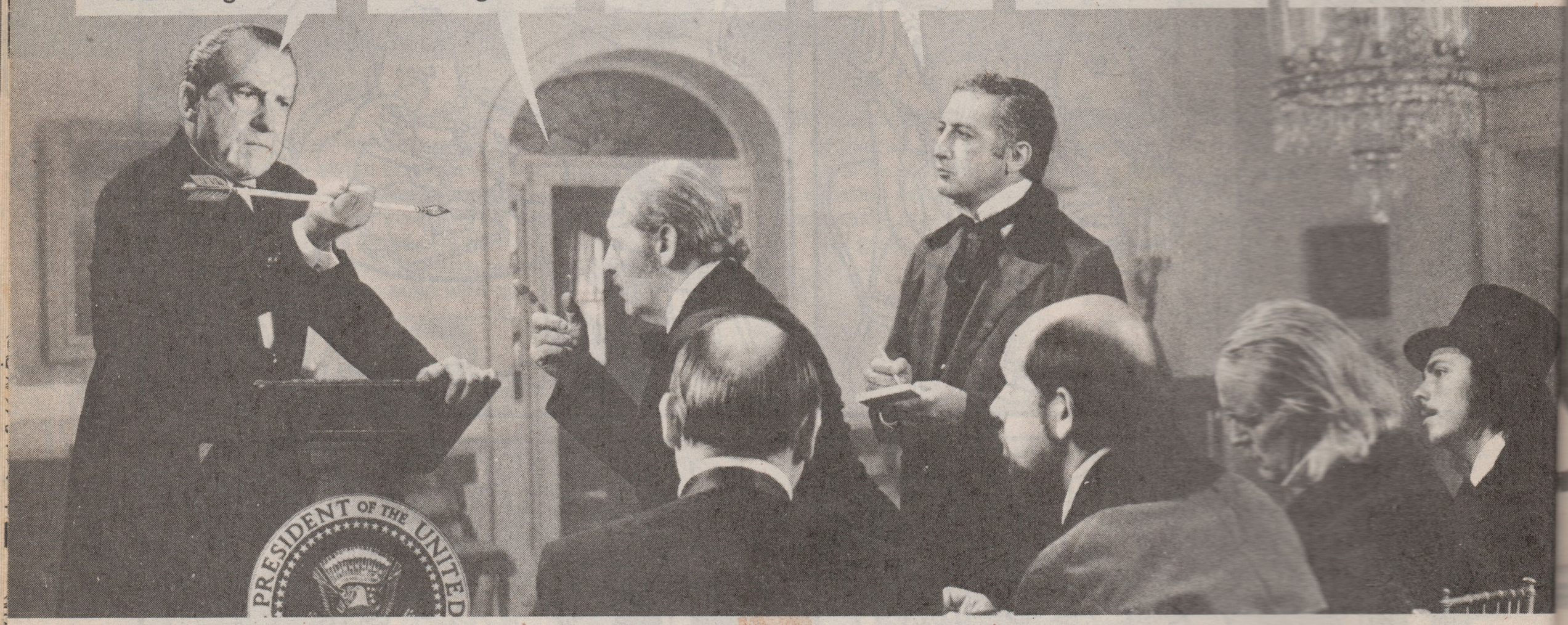
But Mr. President! That's an **Iroquois** arrow! We were fighting the **Sioux** at Little Big Horn!

Well . . . Um— as the **Vice-President** says, "When you've seen **ONE Redskin,** you've seen 'em **all!"**

Mr. President, what was the **reason** for our sudden invasion at Little Big Horn?

Our **main objectives** in this incursion . . . and I use the word **"incursion"** instead of **"invasion"** because incursion doesn't **sound** as bad . . .

Our **objectives** in this incursion were to destroy **SHIN . . . Supreme Headquarters for the Indian Nations** . . . to **cut enemy supply lines** . . . and thereby **shorten the war!**



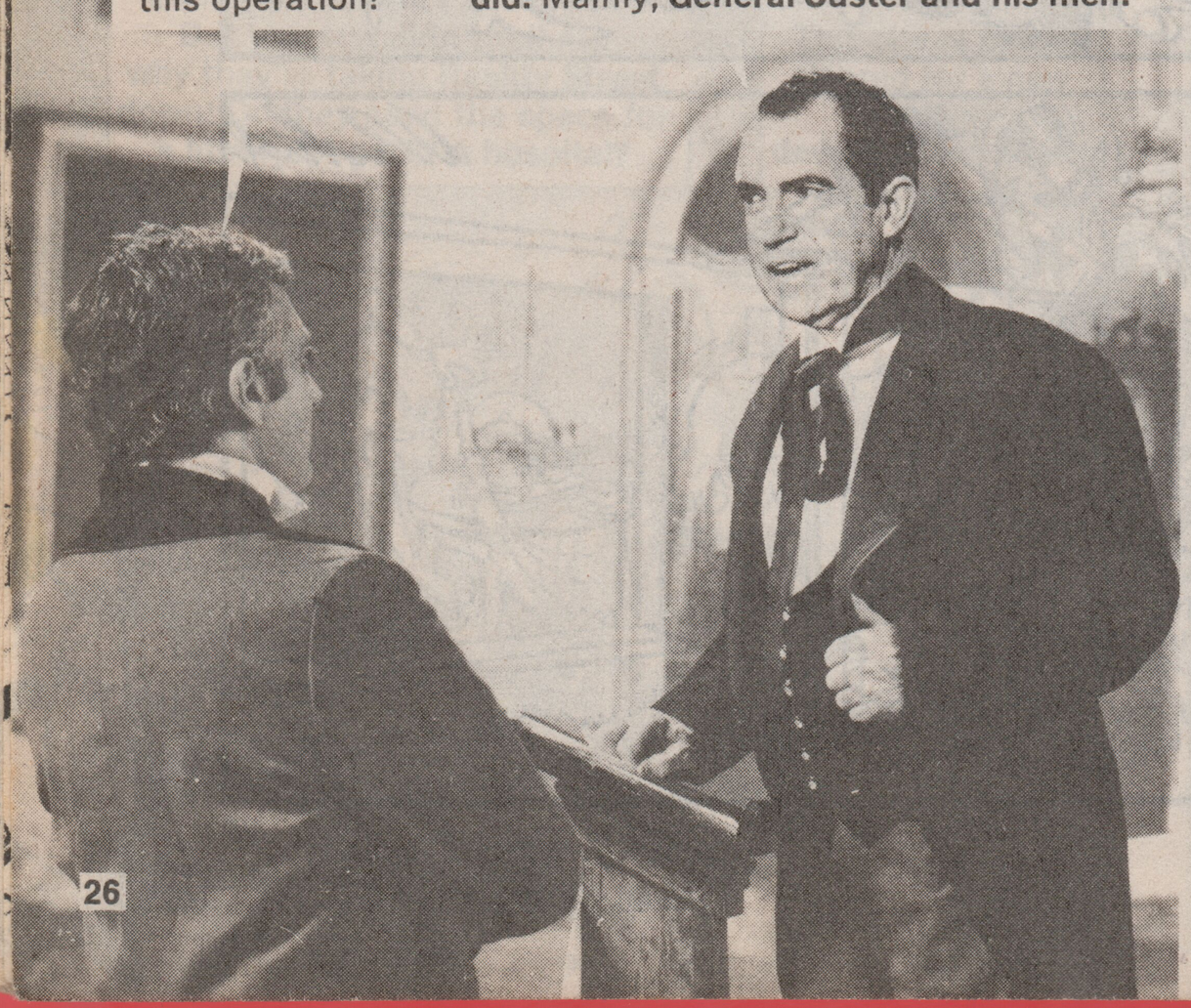
Mr. President, did we have many **casualties** as a result of this operation?

Let me say **this:** As far as **I'm** concerned, **one** American casualty is **one too many!** However, in a mission of **this** magnitude, we **expected** to suffer **some losses**—and **we did!** Mainly, **General Custer and his men!**

But, Gentlemen—I would like to add that the latest official body count of **enemy dead** is **three hundred and seventy-seven!**

Three hundred and seventy-seven Braves?

No . . . that figure includes **thirteen Indian ponies** and a **herd of Buffalo!**







bility with reporters. MAD wonders what it would have been like at a press conference...

PRESIDENT R'S LAST STAND

PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD

And, Gentlemen, let me make **one thing perfectly clear!** This is not **Nixon's** war! I **inherited it!** We were fighting Indians before **George Washington** was President! I'm just trying to bring that fighting to an **honorable end!**

Mr. President, do you feel that we **accomplished** all of our main objectives at Little Big Horn?

I'm glad you **asked** that question! For the record, we captured **seventy-nine arrows, thirteen bows, two totem poles, three peace pipes, six beaded loin cloths, a dozen blankets, five tomahawks, a bushel of feathers, fifteen bags of corn** and **twenty pairs of moccasins!** There'll be a lot of **cold, barefoot, hungry Indians running around!**

PHOTOS BY: UPI AND WORLD WIDE

Many people are saying that this operation was a **colossal failure!** Would you say that Little Big Horn was a **success?**

As your **President,** let me **assure** you that the operation went **exactly according to plan!** The effects of **arrow depletion** and **supply dissipation** will, without a doubt, **debilitate** and **thoroughly enfeeble** the enemy's **future assault potential** in this **critical area** of **American involvement!**

But the **Indians** are saying that Little Big Horn was a **massacre!** They're claiming a **great, decisive victory!**

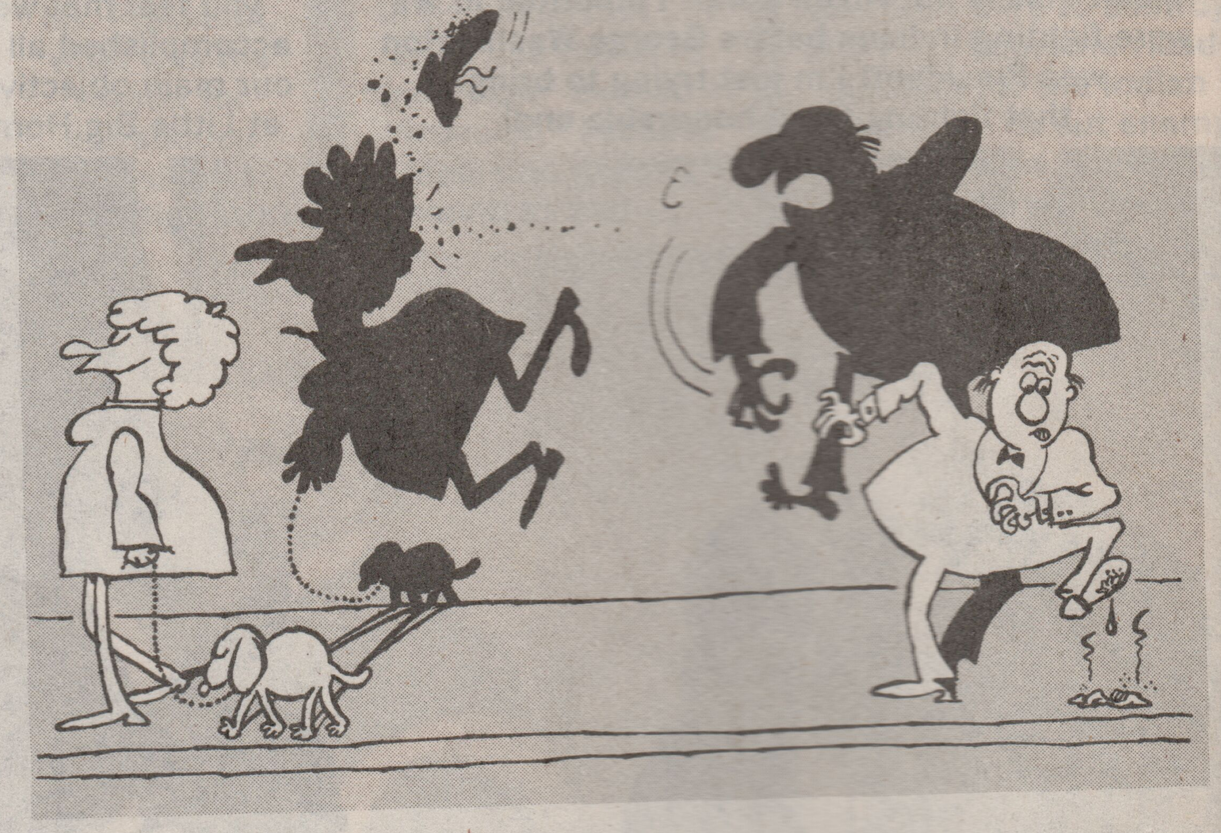
Who . . . and I **ask** you this in **all sincerity** . . . who are you going to **believe?** Some **savage Redskin**—or **YOUR PRESIDENT?!**

WE GOT YOUR PENUMBRA DEPT.

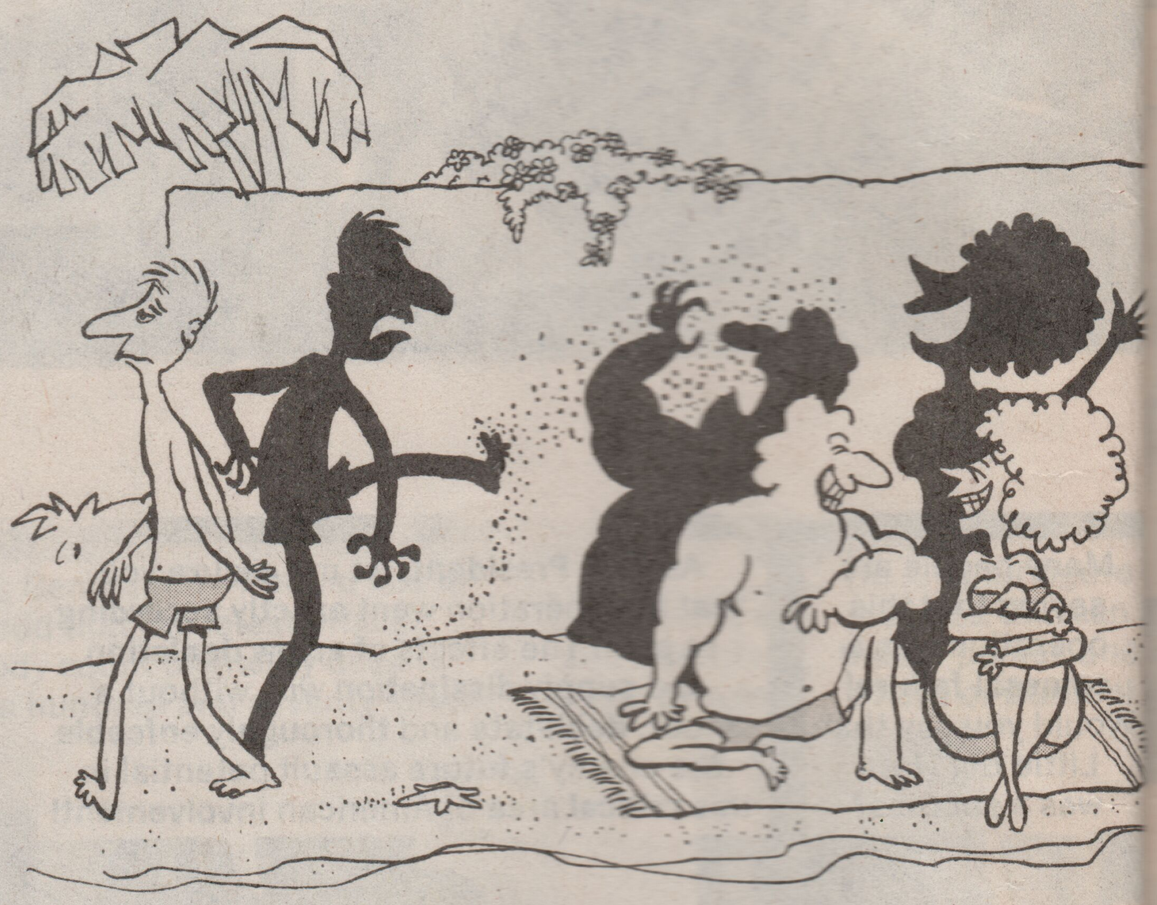
Who Knows What Evils Lurk In

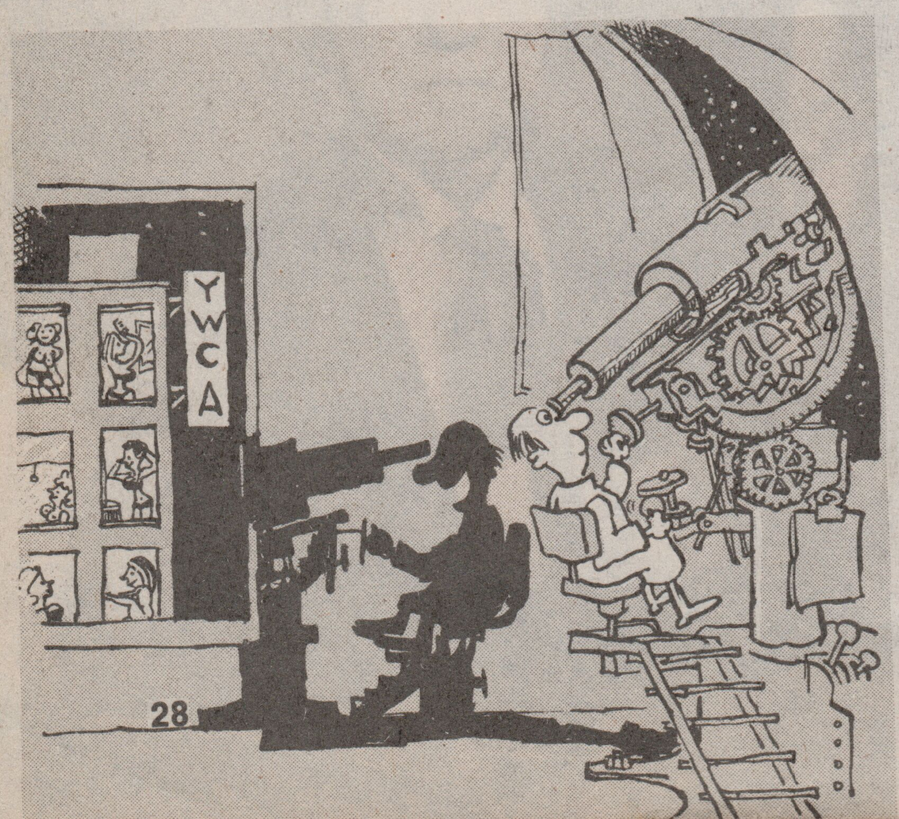
THE SHADOW















The Hearts Of Men?

KNOWS



WRITER & ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

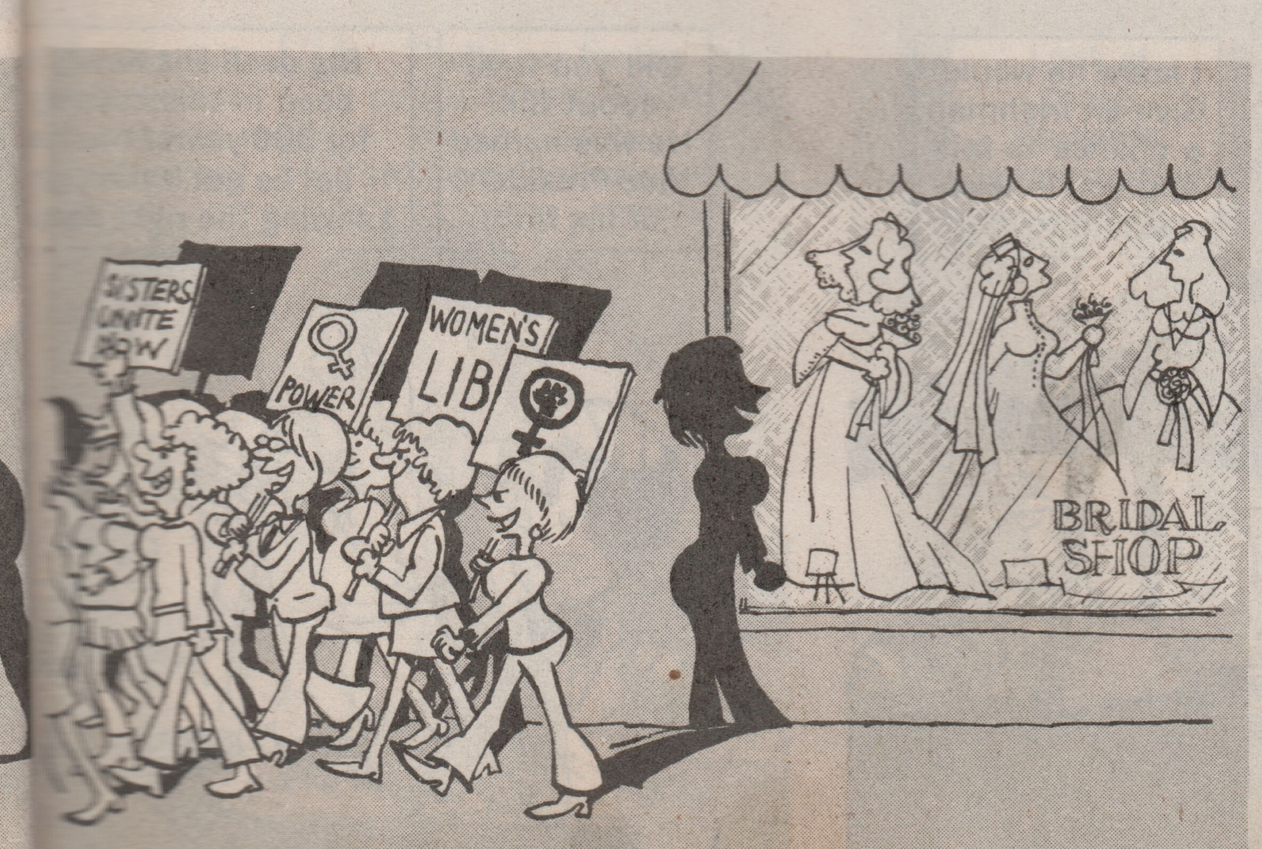


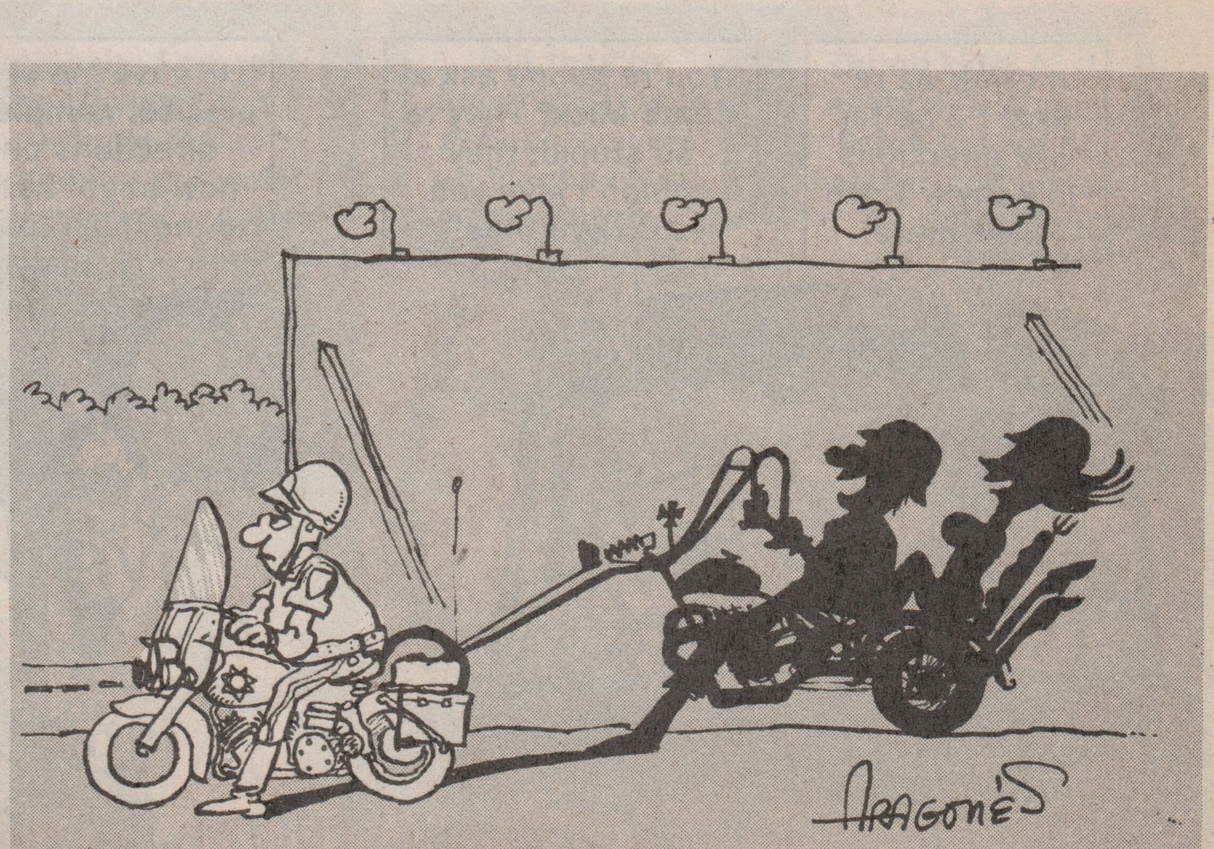














IN THE IRE OF THE BEHOLDER DEPT.

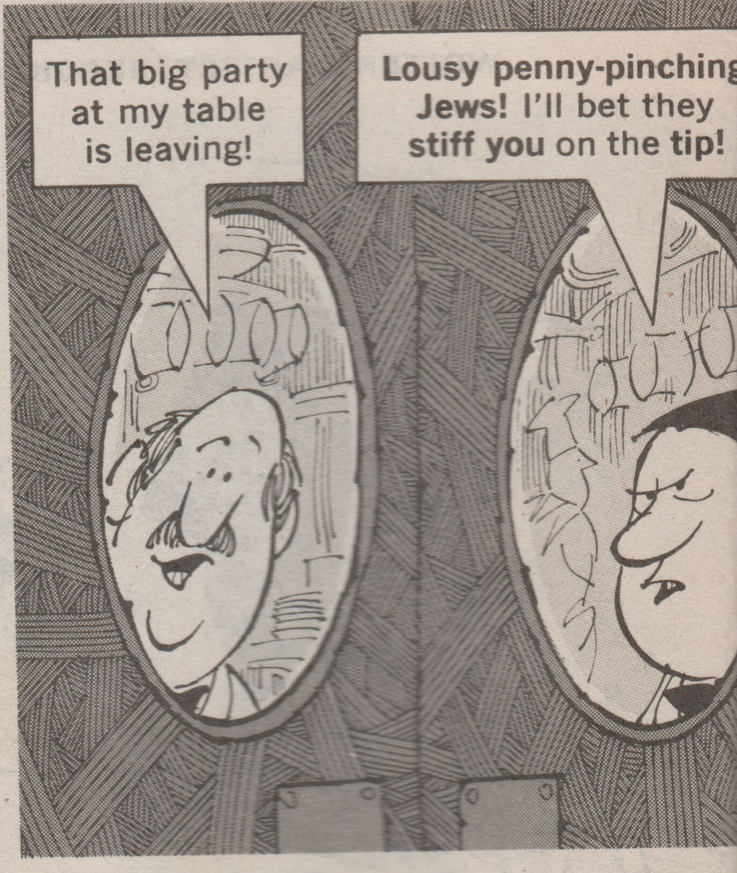
Ever meet a "Bigot"? Ever try to talk sense to him? If you have, then you know it's a losing proposition. Because no matter what you say, he has an

YOU NEVER CAN W

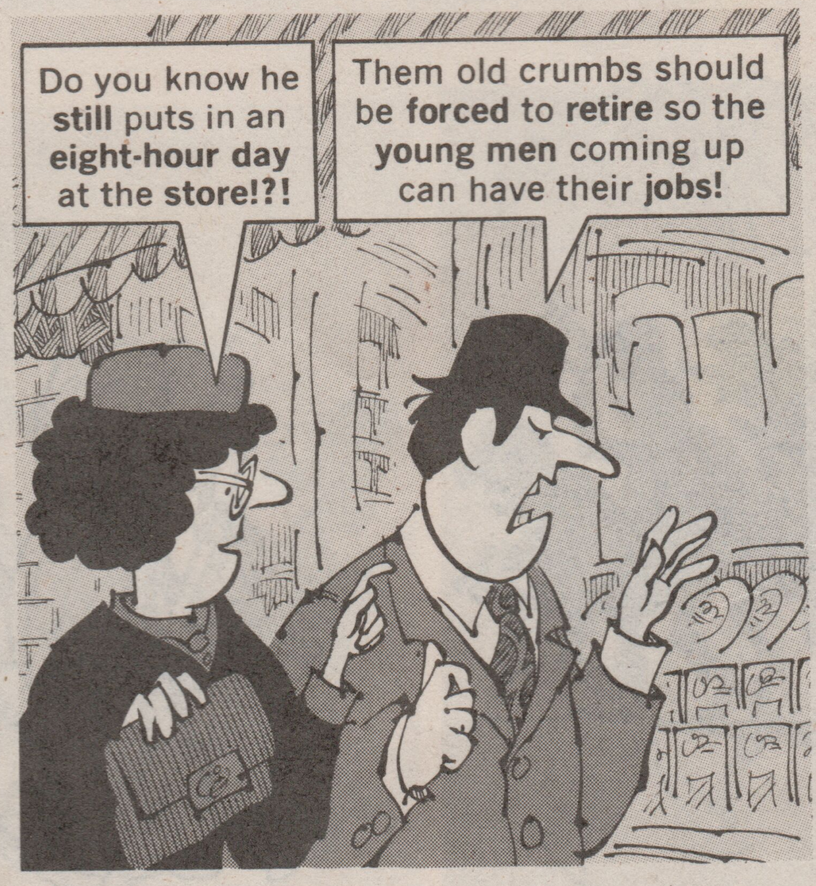
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR



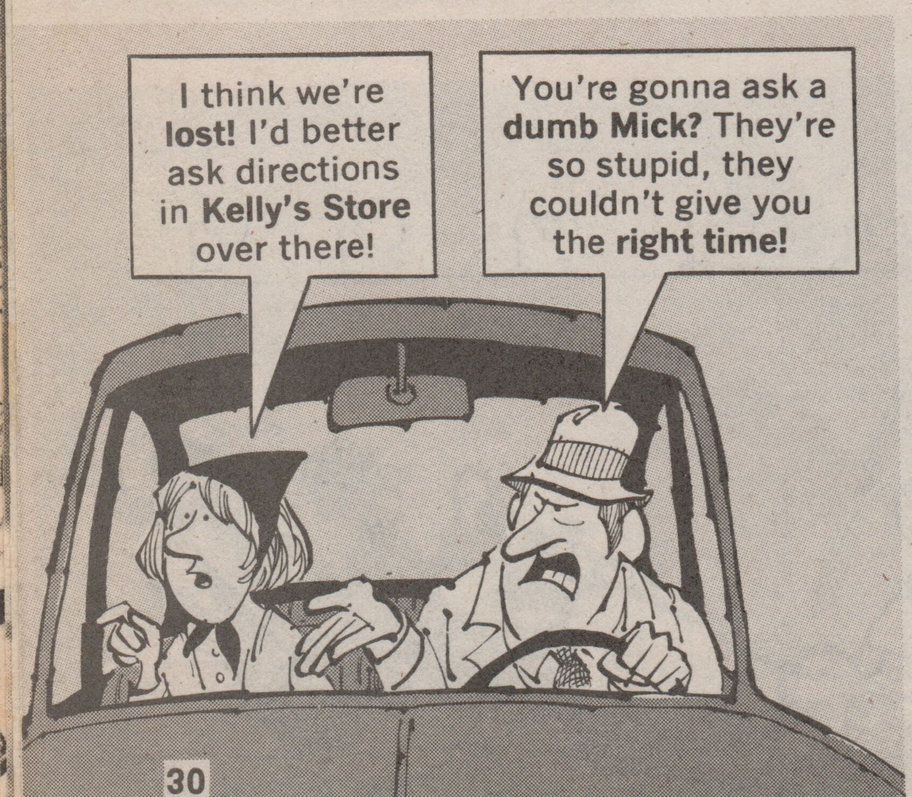


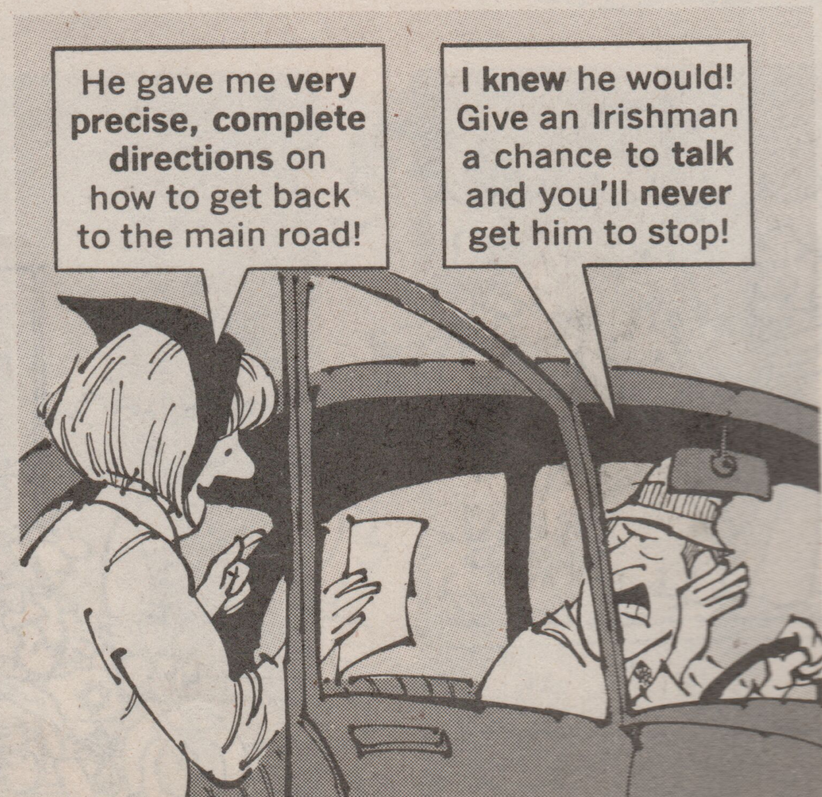


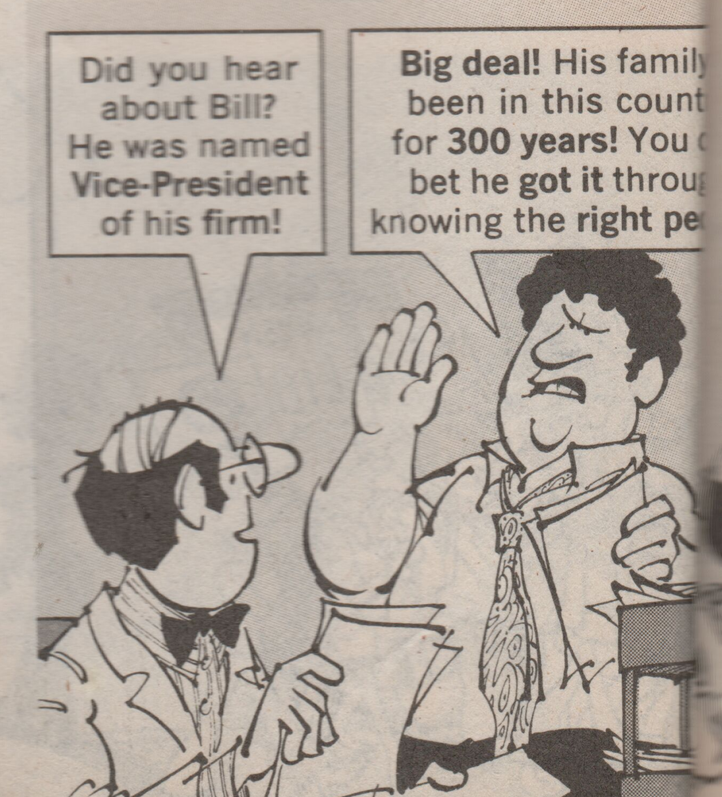












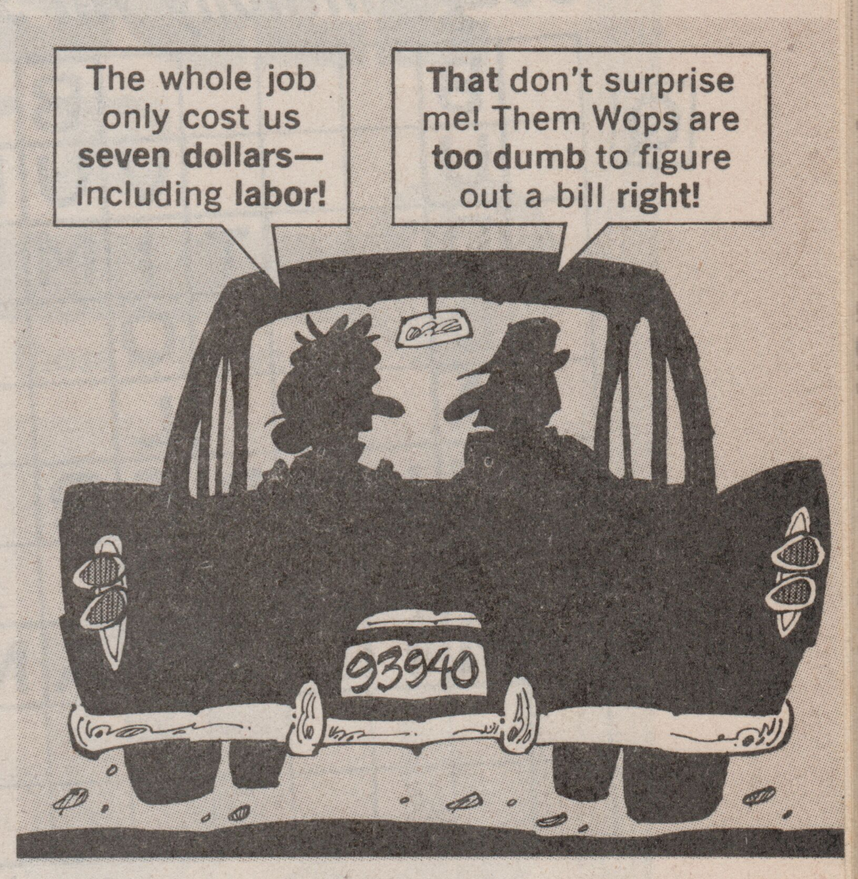
answer that supports his warped point of view. If you don't believe it, then try reading the following examples which clearly demonstrate exactly why...

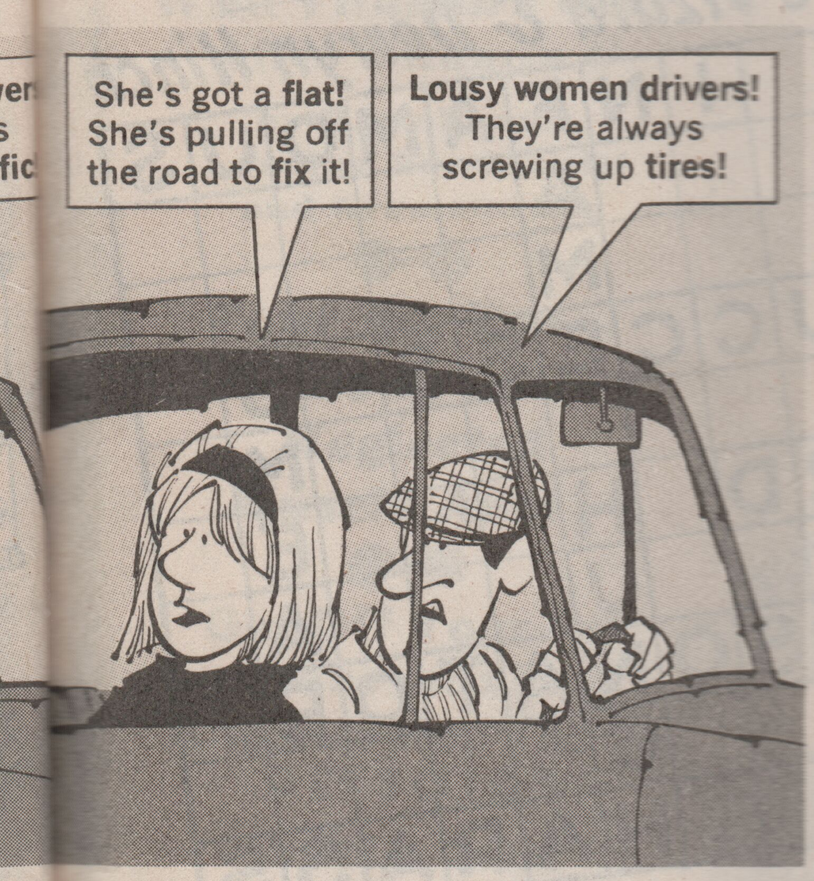
IN WITH A BIGOT!

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

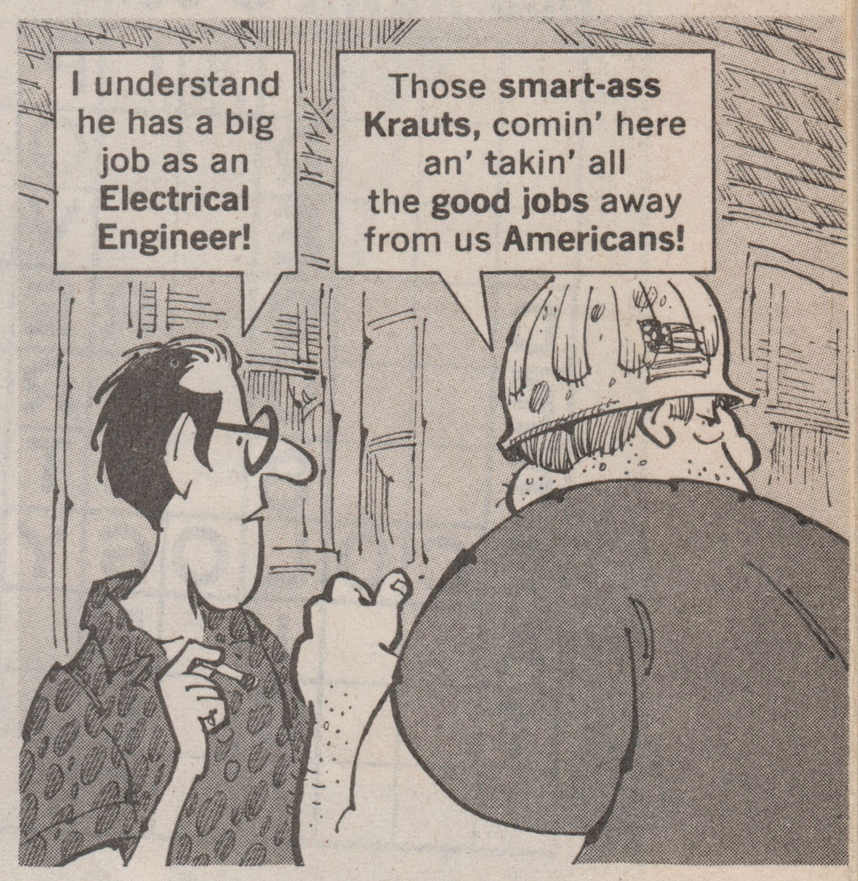


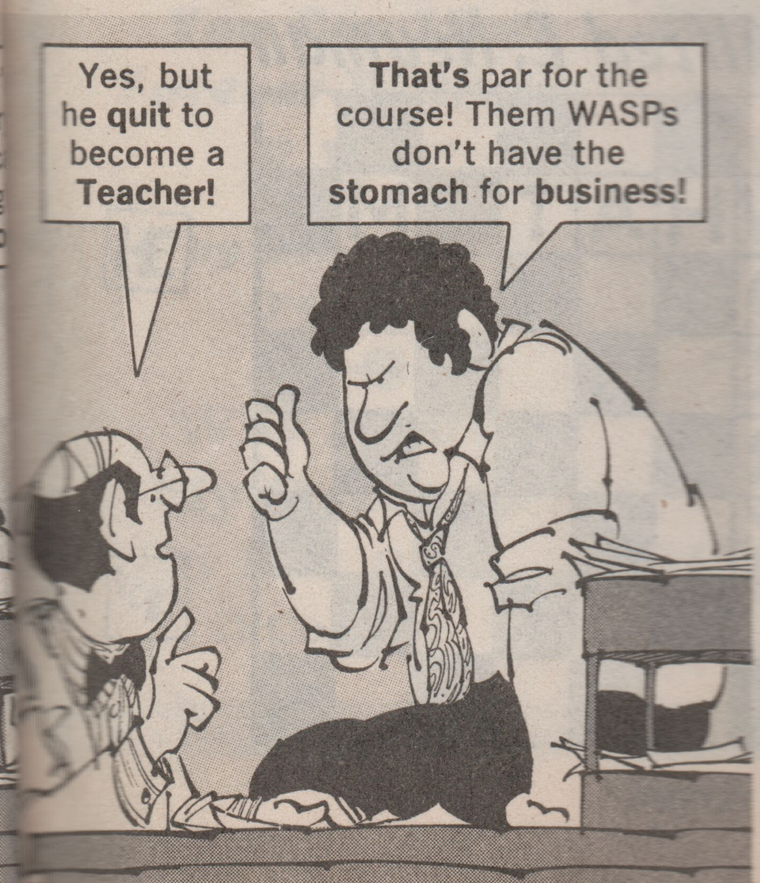


















Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their bodies! Flex those muscles between your ears a bit by concentrating on MAD's prototype of today's typical body-building monthlies, like f'rinstance

MODERN MUSCLE MAGAZINE

Dec. — 75¢ per lb.

The Body-Beautiful Bible for Today's Muscle-Minded Men and Women and Those In-between

The Art Of Posing

Show off your body in fifteen classic poses that earned me many awards and a two year jail sentence

by Seymour Alltogether

I Follow *Vitamin E* With *Vitamin I* Only After *Vitamin C*

by Hans Kranz, Leading Nutritionist and Grammarian

Your Big Toe— The Body's Most Neglected Muscle Area!

Get Off Your Fat *gluteus maximus* And Develop Those DELTOIDS

by Dirk Dense

You Can Live Forever Without SEX

by Dr. Benson O'Conner

Why I Left My Husband

by Mrs. Carol O'Conner



Can Too Many Hormones Affect Your Body?

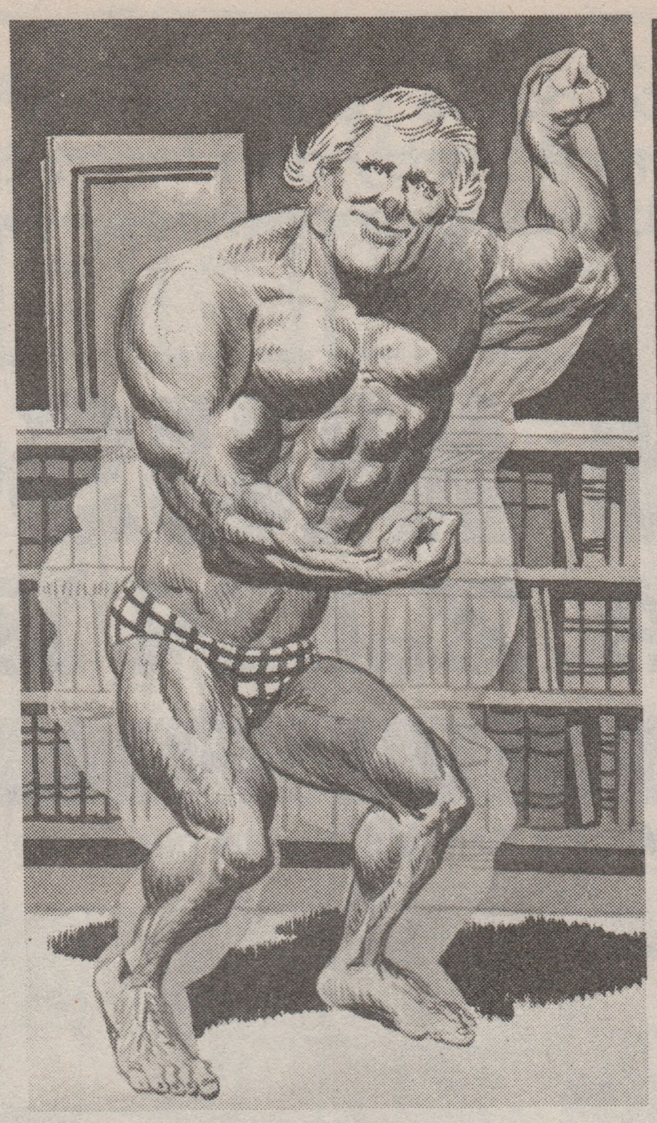
by (left to right) Robert Richmond & Chuck Tischler

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Take away INCHES from around your waistline! Add mounds of beautiful **RIPPLING MUSCLES** to your chest & arms!

You Can Look Like This!*

in just 2 SHORT WEEKS!



AFTER



BEFORE

*Same photo BEFORE expert retouching job!

Can't wait for the regular body-building systems to show results? What you need is Joe Weedgerm's miracle course in **PHOTO-RETOUCHING!** Yes, for just a few hours a night, you can learn this fabulous art in the privacy of your own home! Learn the tricks of the trade in no time flat! Within 2 weeks time, you'll be able to doctor up photos of yourself the way Joe Weedgerm has been doing for years! Send for his giant free booklet today!

Joe Weedgerm Photo-Retouching Course
Department 34, Vegahoggit, Pennsylvania

Monthly Editorial

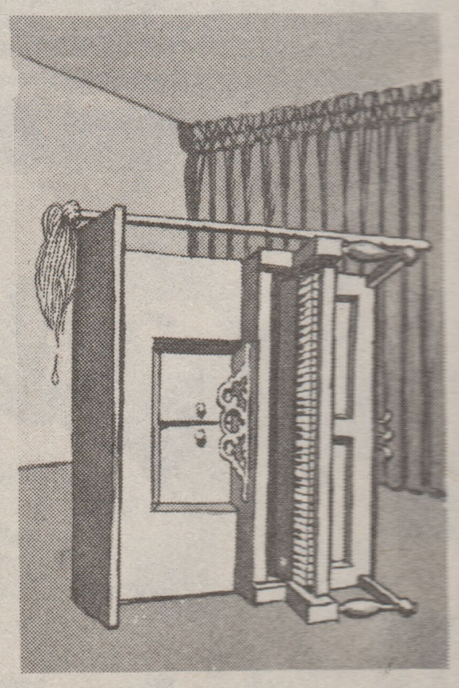
YOUR BODY, THE CAR

YOUR body is not unlike a machine in design. Compare it, if you will, to the car. The food you eat is your fuel. (And sometimes it gives you gas—get it? I couldn't resist that funny aside.) Your eyes are the headlights, your eyelashes the windshield wipers, your nose the hood ornament (some bigger than others), your heart the carburetor. I can go on and on—but can *your body* the car? What are you doing to take care of it? When was the last time you had a check-up? 5,000 miles ago? 10,000 miles ago? If you want to keep your system in top running condition, you must keep all the working parts in tip-top shape. Why not take your body down to your local service station? Do some chin-ups on the grease rack! Some sit-ups on the mechanic's dolly! Some arm-tension exercises by stretching the air hose! You'll also get plenty of badly-needed sprinting exercise when the station manager starts chasing you with a wrench!

If you accept my theory that your body is no different than a car, you will take better care of it. It has helped me tremendously! Just ask my wife—the prettiest little Oldsmobile in town!

Hy Octane
Editor

BUILD A PROFESSIONAL-TYPE GYM IN YOUR OWN HOME AND SAVE CASH!



Joe Weedgerm, once a highly regard interior decorator, shows you how turn common, everyday household ite into fabulous gym equipment with costing you a dime! Detailed diagra show you how to make an Olympic s chinning bar from a mop handle and upright piano standing on end, e

SAVE! SAVE! SAV

Just $3.95 for each volume of this idea-filled 26 volume set!

JOE WEEDGERM GYM-DANDY BOOK SET
Dept. 55, Vegahoggit, Pennsylvania

Exclusive to MODERN MUSCLE:

"MR. HAND" *finals*

Unlike the finals for "Mr. Back and Shoulders," staged last month at the Hollywood Bowl, which Lats Dorsi won easily, or the "Golden Calves" finals won by Frank Corelli at the Metropolitan Cow Palace the month before, the "Mr. Hand" elimination finals had no shoo-in contenders. Thus, suspense and excitement reached a fever pitch when the contestants were narrowed down to the last three.

The crowd quieted down for the final pose-off. Dave Drapeless stepped onto the darkened stage, the spotlight focusing only on his impressive, clenched fist. The audience buzzed with obvious approval at the gleaming knuckle structure. Drapeless revealed the pinky and was applauded enthusiastically. Spurred on, he then revealed both his ring and center fingers. The crowd responded with four minutes of cheers and roars! They could sense the hours, the heartache, the sacrifice, and the nail polish that went into the making of a prize fist!

And then the entire hand was bared—naked and unashamed—for all the world to share! The orchestra took the cue and struck up "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You" (despite the California locale) and the audience responded with a standing ovation. John Forbotten, a former trophy winner turned coach, stepped out from the wings and placed a satin robe over his protege's hand as they made their exit.

And now it was time for Artie Zelda to take the spotlight. And take it he did! Hardly giving the audience a chance to catch their breath from the sight of his massive, rippling knuckles, Zelda suddenly exposed every finger in one flip of his limp wrist. The gasps had to be heard to be *(continues on page 73)*



DIGIT GOES TO HOLLYWOOD
Dave Drapeless displays exciting extremity before SRO crowd.



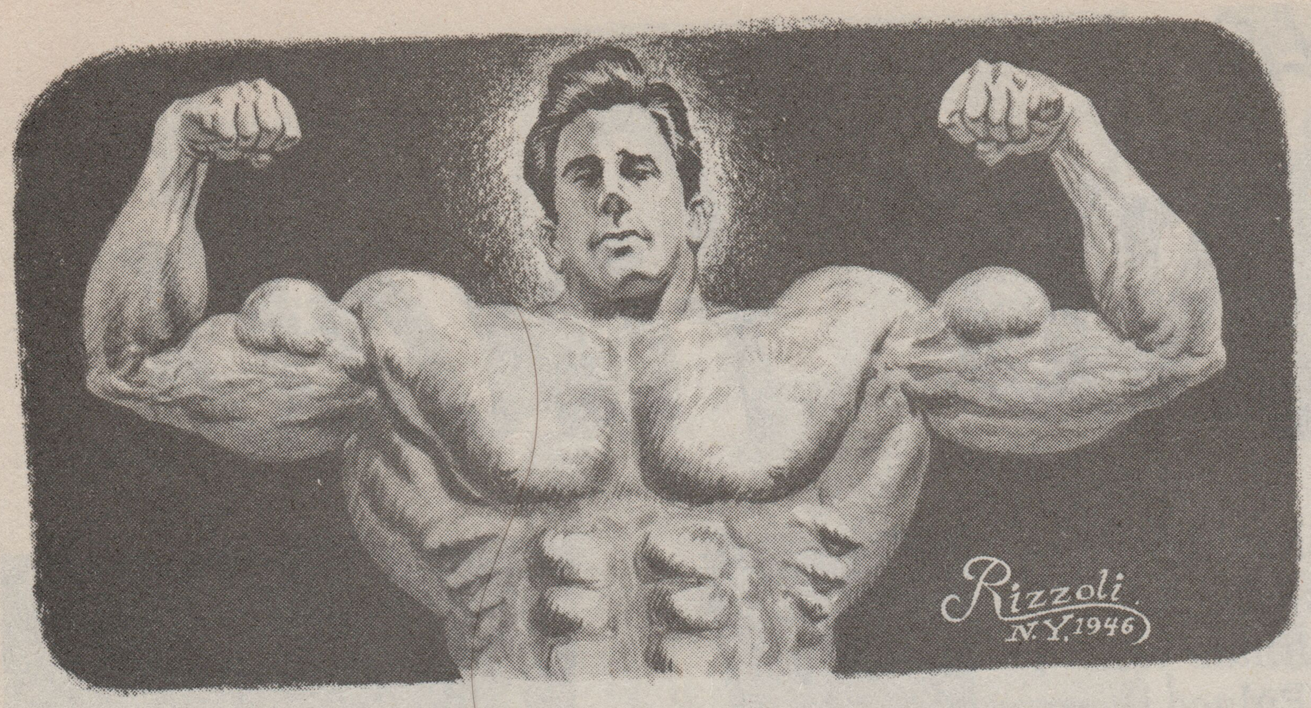
Dave Drapeless



Artie Zelda



Marvin Edam



"Give me your poor, your tired,
your wretched mass of flesh
and bones yearning to be firm—

...AND I'LL GIVE YOU A BODY OF STEEL!"

(Provided you also give me $89.95!)

says Joe Weedgerm, Builder of Champions

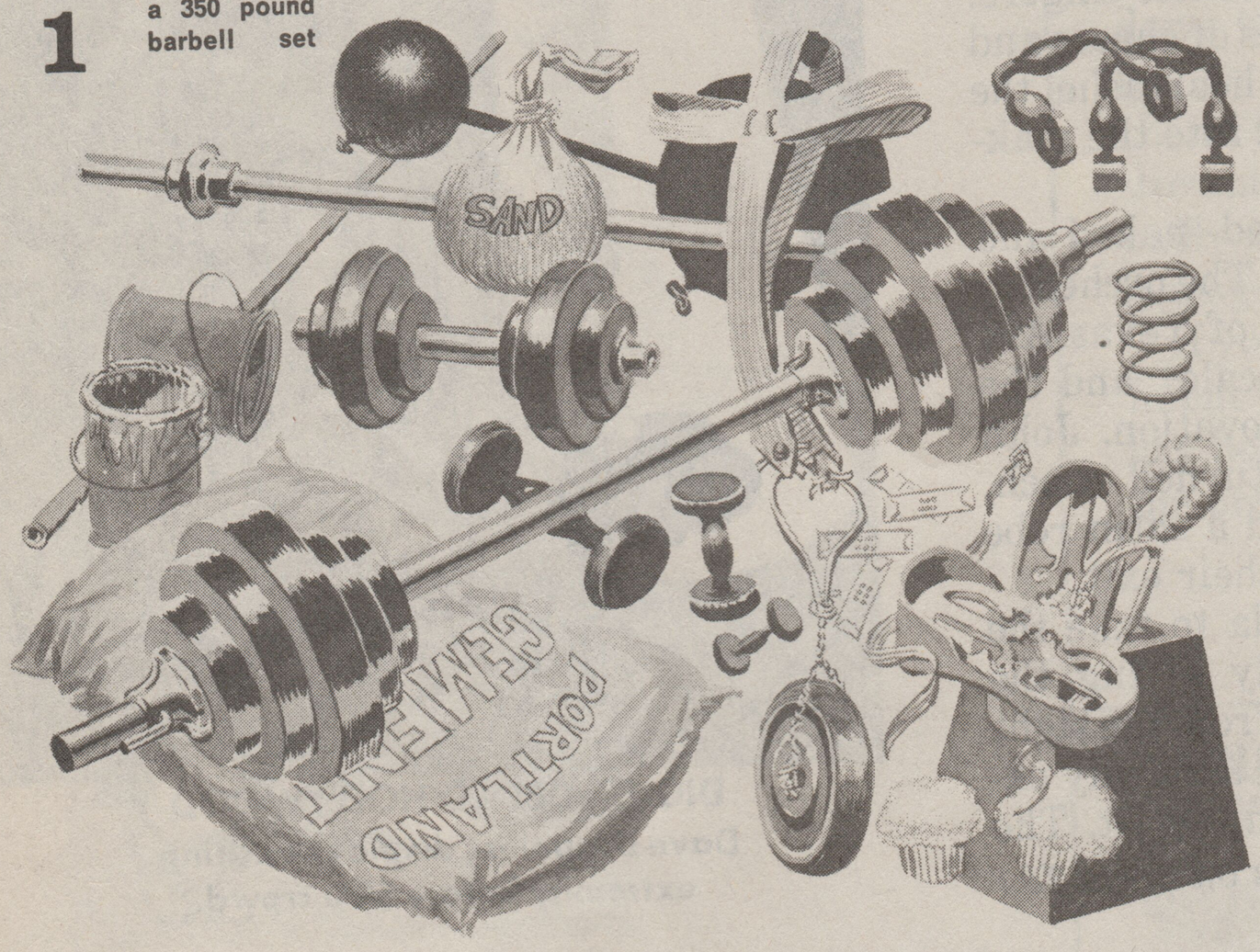
GUARANTEED RESULTS!

I will add 3" to your arms! I will add 6" to your chest!

I will take 2" off your wallet!

"I never met a man whose body I couldn't do something with," says Joe Weedgerm, body-building expert and part time hairdresser. "Just look at the goodies you get with my Weedgerm Home Gym Training Kit:"

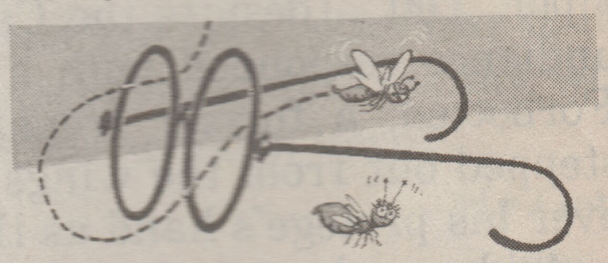
1 **a 350 pound barbell set**



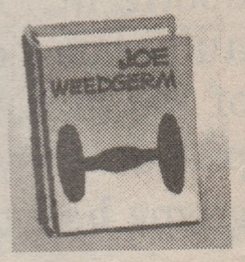
2 **Hernia belt for your Postman!**



3 **Fake eyeglasses for avoiding fights with those who order the Super De Luxe 450 lb. set.**



4 **A complete instruction book with over one hundred easy exercises photographically illustrated by Jerry Fooch, "Mr. Journal Square", and Janis Rage, "Miss Action."**



Rip out the coupon below **NOW!** If you **can't** rip it out, better send for Joe Weedgerm's book for beginners: **"Rip Phone Books—A Page At A Time"!**

JOE WEEDGERM BARBELL & HAIRDRESSER SUPPLY CO., VEGAHOGGIT, PENNA.

Dear Joe:—
I love your body and would like to have one just like it. Please send me one. If the supply is exhausted, then please help me build my nothing frame into a Herculean one!

- ☐ **350 lb. De Luxe set $89.95**
- ☐ **450 lb. Super De Luxe set $99.95**
- ☐ **"Rip Phone Books" (paperback) ..$7.95**
- ☐ **Special Hairdressing Kit $24.95**

NAME_____ AGE_____ SEX (yes or no)_____

ADDRESS_____ CITY_____ STATE_____

SPOTLIGHT ON SEX

MODERN MUSCLE'S Monthly Interview Conducted by Rock River

QUESTION: Can too much sex make you crazy?

ASKED OF: Dr. Errol Virile, B.S., M.S. (Bachelor Swinger and Master of Sex)

Interviewer's note: In every issue of Modern Muscle we probe into some aspect of sex. Why? Well, as anyone in the magazine trade can tell you, the word "sex" appearing on any cover can mean the difference of 10,000 readers! And since we sell only 10,102 copies a month, we got little choice! But perhaps more important is the fact that today's bulging-biceps-ed, tapered-torsoed, gorgeous-looking muscle builder is too often thought of as being "less than a man," usually in words too demeaning or disgusting to print here! Just because that someone labors feverishly to improve it by lifting weights or shaving the ecchy hair from his body, or oiling his body with skin lotions and balms so that his body shimmers gloriously in the sun as he struts about the beach, that's no reason for people to laugh and point and say nasty things about his "masculinity"! I'm a body builder and proud of it! And I'll scratch the eyes out of the first person who says anything nasty about me!

With this in mind, let us begin our candid interview with this month's guest, Dr. Errol Virile, Head Researcher at the Jasters and Monson Sex institute.

MM: Dr. Virile, it is obvious from your background and experience that you have been involved in many, many sexual encounters, and certainly a lot more than the typical average person. Does this in any way affect your stability or mental state?

VIRILE: Good morning.

MM: Your biography states that you were a top scorer at college, yet there are no sports listed. Does this imply something?

VIRILE: Fine, thank you.

MM: Speaking specifically, Doctor, what, in your professional opinion is the "healthy" frequency for normal sexual activity?

VIRILE: I take it with milk, one teaspoon of sugar, thanks.

MM: Doctor, in one of your lectures at the Institute, you were quoted as *(Cont. on page 92)*



"I hold to the belief that there is nothing abnormal about a man and a cow living together, provided they both have their respective parents full consent!"



"Freud once said, just before he died, or maybe it was after, I forget . . . anyway, he said, "'Oh, to be Jung again!' And who dares to say otherwise, right?"



"In the final analysis, a man is nothing more or less than what he believes himself to be, without introspection, without guilt, and without Cheese Danish!"

MODERN MUSCLE Classified Ads

FOR SALE

Okay, he-man. So now you're beautiful . . . on the beach—but in clothes you look like a slob! Come to Sol. I'll fix you in a suit you'll be a king. Expensive? Of course! But you should have thought of that *before,* bubbie!
Sol, suit-maker of Samsons, N.Y.C.

Slightly used barbell set, lifted only three times, dropped once. Inquire Sy Shmendrick, 434 18th Ave. I'm on the 6th Floor. Set is on the third, or possibly the second floor.

LOOK-TRIM shorts keep your middle section firm. Never a bulge from these stainless steel wonders. Perfect for the beach, providing you don't swim or sit down. $9.95

LOOK-TRIM PRODUCTS,
Trala, La.

"Mr. T" muscle tee shirts. A new, miracle fibre of fortified elastic pushes your excess weight up into your shoulders for extra height and massive upper areas. For instance, if you are 5'6" and weigh 300 lbs., a "Mr. T" shirt will push your frame into an impressive 9.6" height. Blow-out kit included with each order.
"Mr. T" INNER TUBE Co.
Box 22, Retread, Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Make money in your spare time by selling "Looks Easy" to your weight-lifting buddies. This unique transparent plastic sheet will support up to 500 lbs. at any height. Pose for pics! Exercise where people can see you! Looks like you're holding up a ton with no strain. Write today to "Looks Easy", Box 500, Modern Muscle

---

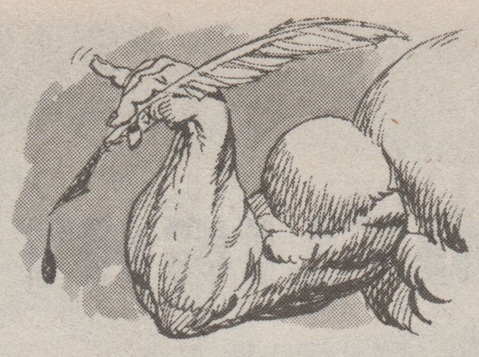
SERVICES

Do you want to tear a phone book in half? If you live in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles or any other big city, you've got problems. Why not let us supply you with phone books from Death Valley, Cold River and other towns with few listings until you build up to the biggies? Join "Phone Book-of-the-Month Club", Skimp Hill, Pa.

POSITION WANTED

Muscle-man seeks part time job. Lived exclusively on King Kong banana diet for last five years. Seeks odd jobs like lifting subway trains, crushing cars, climbing atop skyscrapers, fighting old two-wing planes, etc. Write Mighty Joe, Hollywood and Vines, California.

MALE BAG



In the last issue you published 45 different poses of me. I sent you 100. What was wrong with the other 55? Give the public a break, will ya! Also, you mentioned I was "Mr. All-American Man", "Mr. North American Hercules", "Mr. Far East Atlas", and "Mr. Shaker Heights Adonis". But you forgot to mention I was also "Miss Nebraska".

Verily truly,

Sonny Capistrano
Muscle Bitch, California

A few months ago I read your ad about how the skinny guy's girl friend would say, "Hey, skinny!" to him and guys would kick sand in his face. Then he sent away for your barbell set and he became strong and not skinny anymore. Well, there was this guy in my neighborhood who always made fun of me and called me, "Hey, skinny!" so I sent for your barbells and I really fixed him. One day I challenged him to weight-lifting contest. I put 120 lbs. on the bar. He went first and lifted it easily over his head. Then I tried but I couldn't get it past my waist. So I dropped it on his foot! And now he's stopped making fun of me because everyone calls him, "Hey, gimpy!"

Thanks,

Skinny Atlas
Syracuse, N.Y.

I always thought the health food and exercise bit was just so much bull. But then one day I decided to give it a try, and boy, what a difference it made! I feel like a new man! I look like a new man! My friends don't recognize me! My father doesn't know me! My bank won't cash my checks anymore! Last night my wife had me arrested as an intruder! I've been fired from my job as an imposter! Just one question—how can I get back the *old me?*

A new and lonely man,

Englewood, N.J.

In your magazine you always show adonis-type people. Quite frankly, I am ugly and very badly proportioned. I have extremely short legs, long arms, and I'm grossly overweight. I've tried to work out in the gym, but people laugh at me, so I've stopped going. Should I be content and just accept myself as I am? I enclose a recent photograph of myself so you can judge.

Please help,

Ill Chick
Chic. Ill.

Dear Ill, Do not give up! There is no reason why a physical fitness program won't help you! And do not let the fact that people laugh at you affect your purpose. Their laughter is a reflection on themselves, not you! Hope we've been of some help to your tortured ego. Just one favor from you now, okay? Could you please send me a few more copies of your photo? They make fantastic gag postcards.

Thanks,

Joe Weedgerm,
Editor

OVERWEIGHT?

I went from a 280 lb. overweight slob to a streamlined 78 lbs., thanks to TAKE-OFF Weight Reducing Formula!

Says Lou Rickets of Gaines, Indiana



Each 6 oz. can of TAKE-OFF contains only 1/10th your daily minimum requirement of the important vitamins and minerals. This is by design! The result is simple — you become too weak to pick up a spoon or fork! Opening the refrigerator becomes an impossibility! What better way to lose weight FAST!

TAKE-OFF
Weight-Reducing Formula
$3.95 per 6 oz. can
Weedgerm Laboratories, Inc.
Vegahoggit, Pennsylvania

SKINNY?

I went from a 78 lb. weakling to a 280 lb. dynamo of strength, thanks to PUT-ON Weight-Gaining Blend!

Says Lou Rickets of Gaines, Indiana



Each 6 oz. can of PUT-ON contains 10 times your daily minimum requirement of all the important vitamins and minerals — and the un-important ones as well! You'll get so much phosphorus you'll actually glow in the dark! Yes, you'll get so much starch you'll be stiffer than your shirt collar! You'll get energy running through your body 10 times quicker, you'll be 10 times as active, and you'll die 10 times sooner! What better way to fill out!

PUT-ON
Weight-Gaining Blend
$3.95 per 6 oz. can
Weedgerm Laboratories, Inc.
Vegahoggit, Pennsylvania

Stay just as you are with

STATUS QUO

A new product from the famous Weedgerm laboratories designed for those who want to stay as lovely as they are! And just what is this miracle ingredient? You guessed it—"Take-Off" and "Put-On" (see above ads) in equal proportions to counter-balance each others effect! A new *first* for famous

WEEDGERM
LABORATORIES

STATUS QUO

$4.95 per 6 oz. can
Weedgerm Laboratories, Inc.
Vegahoggit, Pennsylvania

In this uncensored world, where anything goes (including the censor), people can read lots of dirty words in books and magazines. Or hear even worse in the movies. And so, in line with this "let-it-all-hang-out" trend, MAD hereby presents the dirtiest word in the English language. Ready?

pollution

Yep, that's it. Not only is it the dirtiest word in the English language, but the deadliest! Ask any tuna fish lover. For months now, the nation's pundits have been permeating the press with their plaintive prattlings about pollution. Well, it's still a lot of garbage to us. So we've wrapped it all up in this 100% smog free, non-disposable . . .

THE MAD "Effluent Society" POLLUTION PRIMER



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: SY REIT

Chapter 1.



See wretched Lester.
See how sick and shaky he looks.
Wretched Lester is trying to kick a nasty habit.
He is trying to quit something that is ruining his health.
And giving him terrible coughing spells.
And gradually turning his lungs black.
Lester knows that if he doesn't quit soon, he may die.
But he is having a rough time.
By comparison, giving up high-cholesterol foods was easy.
And giving up drinking was easy.
And giving up smoking was easy.
But how many people can successfully give up *breathing?*

Chapter 2.

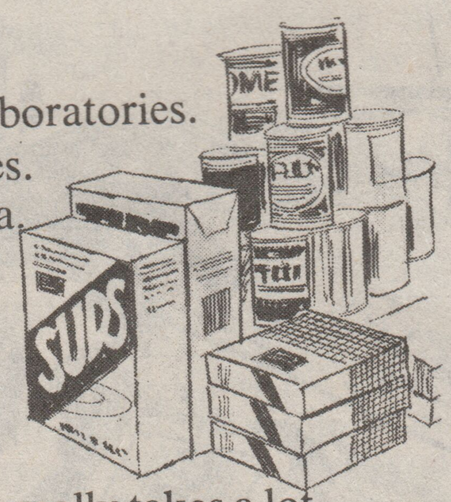


See Phyllis and Ralph.
Phyllis and Ralph are fearless explorers.
See them packing for their next trip.
They are packing with care because it is a very dangerous trip.
See them pack their water purifying pills.
See them pack their oxygen masks.
See them pack their decontamination suits.
See them pack their food radiation detectors.
Pack everything you'll need, Phyllis and Ralph!
Everything, everything, everything.
You can't be too careful when you're planning a vacation in a big, modern American city!

Chapter 3.



See the modern housewife.
See her shopping at her local supermarket.
Is that a shopping list in her hand?
No, it is the latest Analysis Report
From the U.S. Government Testing Laboratories.
She is using it to check out her purchases.
She has to watch for mercury in the tuna.
And strontium–90 in the milk.
And plutonium in the butter.
And cyclamates in the soft drinks.
And thorium in the halvah.
And DDT in the gefilte fish.
Yes, to be a modern housewife today, it really takes a lot.
It really takes a lot of courses in Advanced Chemistry.



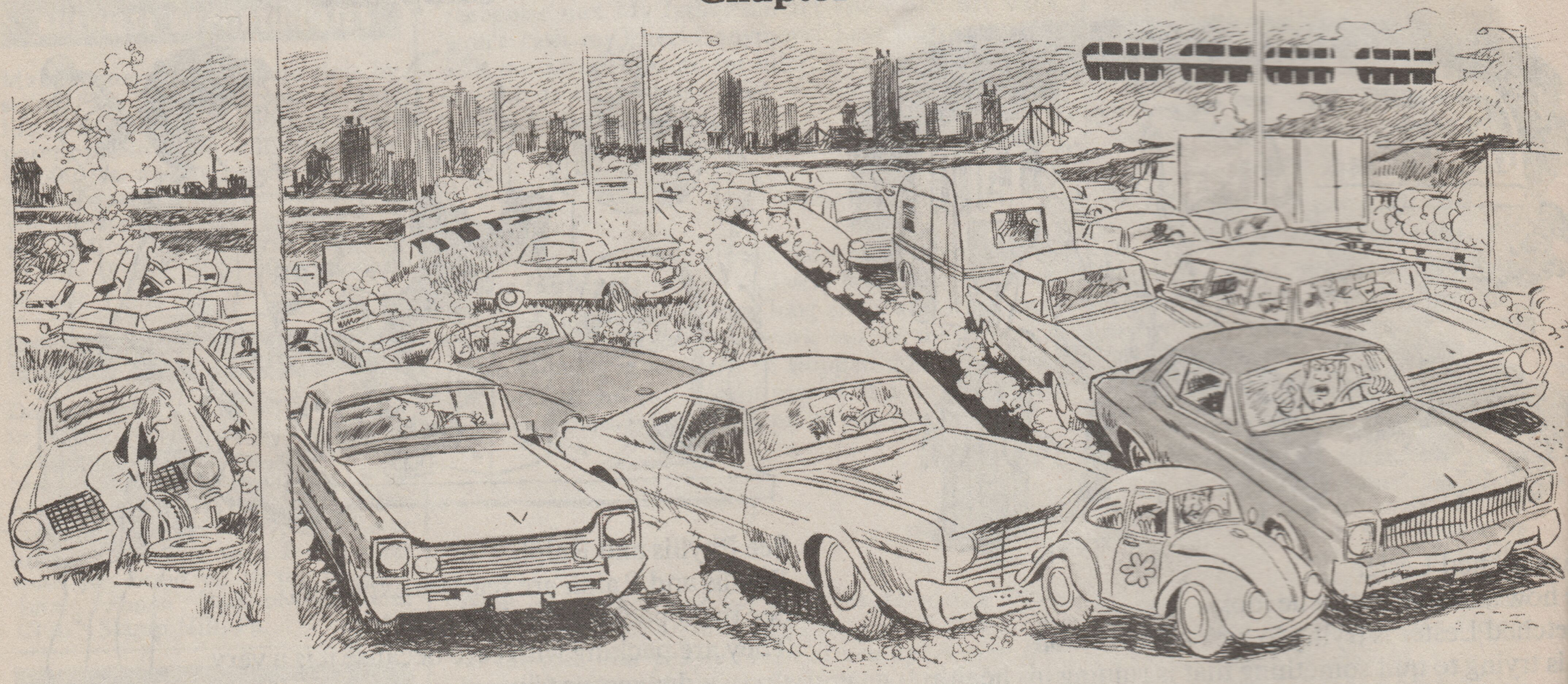
Chapter 4.



See the magnificent streamlined jet plane.
See how gracefully it soars into the sky above.
Leaving a trail of shattered windows.
And cracked walls.
And ruptured eardrums.
ROARR! ROARRR! ROARRRRR!
Alas, noise pollution has become a major menace today.
Our ears are constantly being bombarded by sonic booms.
And loud pneumatic drills.
And blaring rock music.
And noisy horns and sirens.
And the worst noise pollution of all:
Politicians . . . loudly rapping about the need to do something about all the noise pollution.



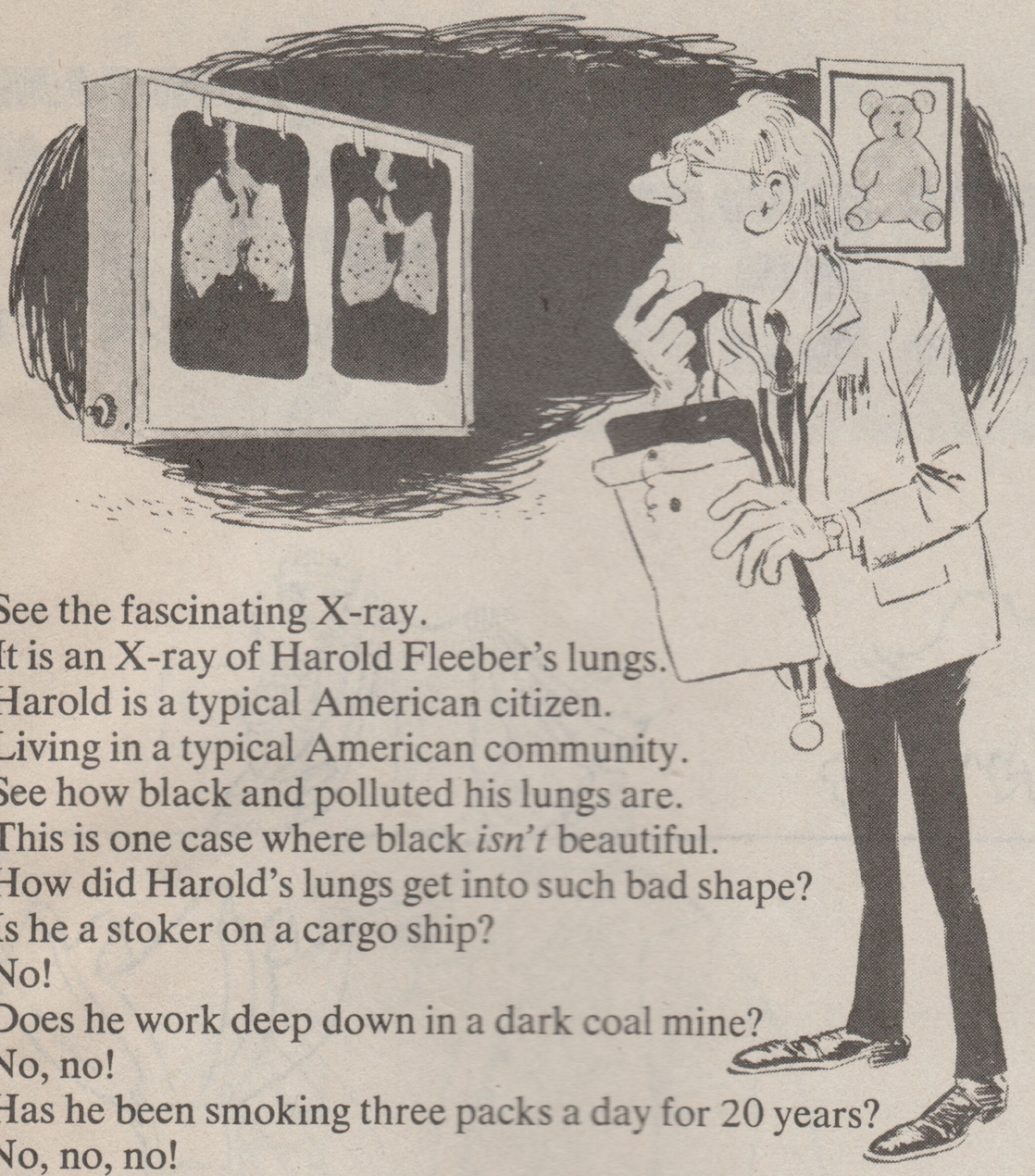
Chapter 7.



See all the shiny new automobiles.
See them jammed, bumper-to-bumper, on the Freeway.
Hear their horns blaring.
Honk! Honk! Honk!
Hear their drivers cursing,
&¢%$#@! &¢%$#@! &¢%$#@!
See their exhaust pipes emitting.
Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

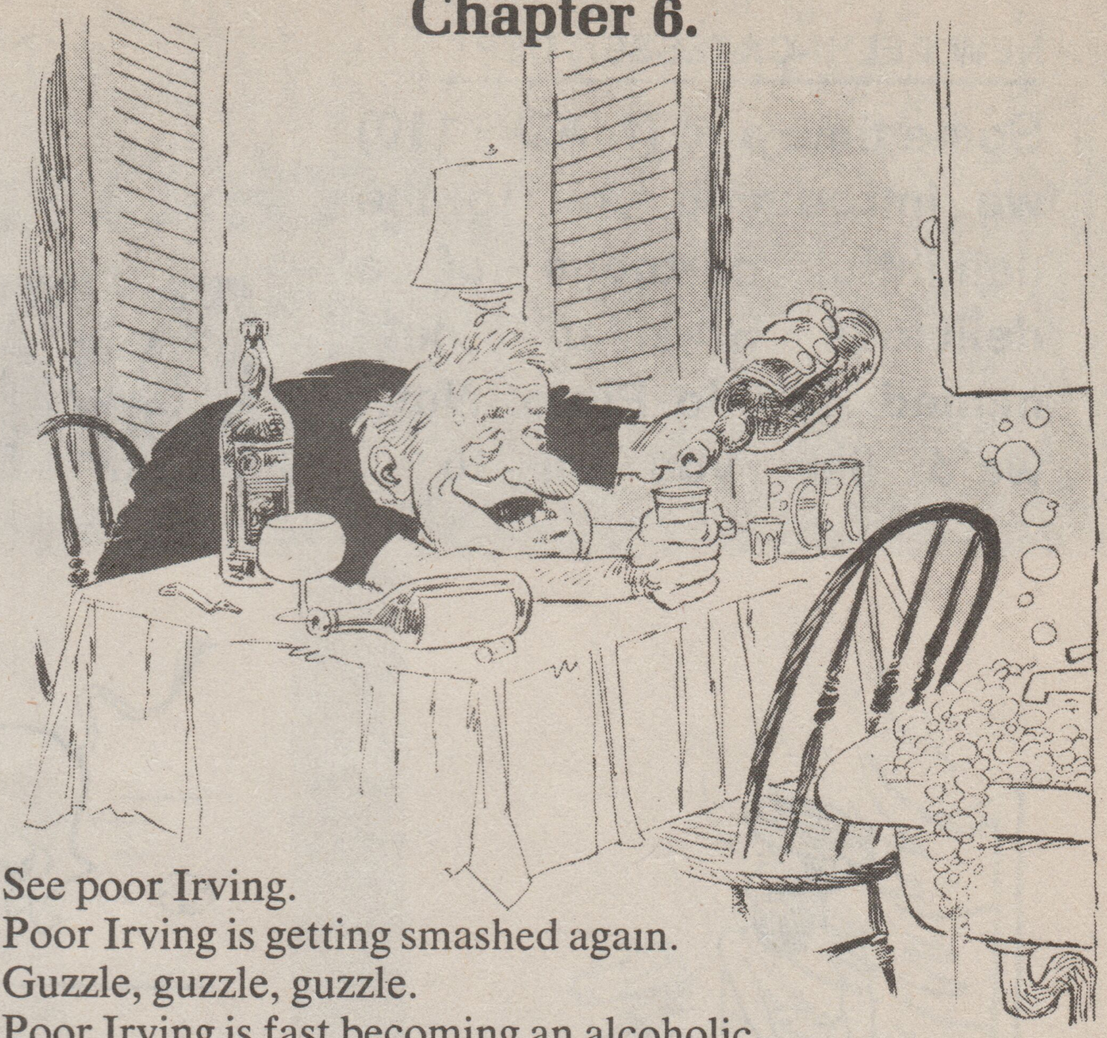
Why are all the drivers in their shiny new automobiles trying to get out of town?
To escape the horrible carbon-monoxide smog of the city caused by so many shiny new automobiles.
Are any of them willing to give up their shiny new little carbon-monoxide makers?
Don't be ridiculous!
Pollution is always the *other* guy's fault!

Chapter 5.



See the fascinating X-ray.
It is an X-ray of Harold Fleeber's lungs.
Harold is a typical American citizen.
Living in a typical American community.
See how black and polluted his lungs are.
This is one case where black *isn't* beautiful.
How did Harold's lungs get into such bad shape?
Is he a stoker on a cargo ship?
No!
Does he work deep down in a dark coal mine?
No, no!
Has he been smoking three packs a day for 20 years?
No, no, no!
To tell the truth, Harold hasn't really done much of anything.
How much can an eight-month-old baby do?

Chapter 6.



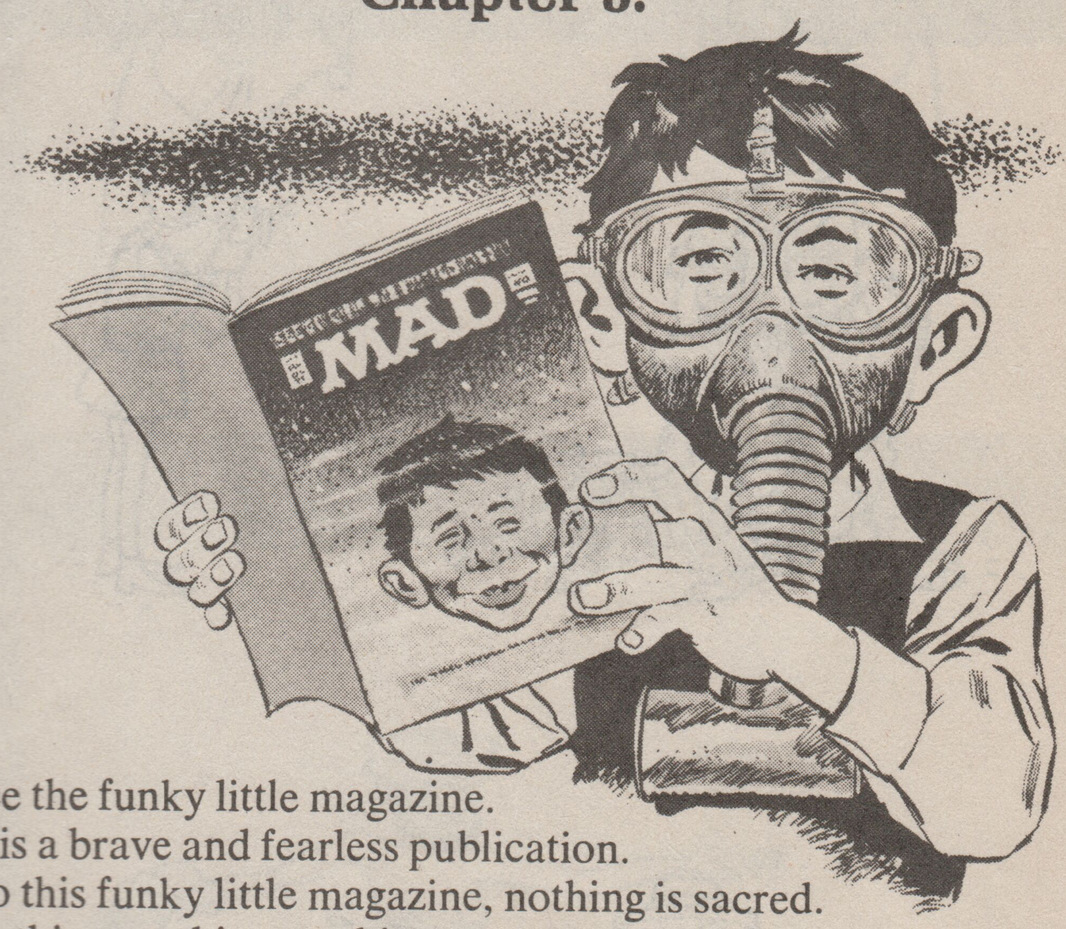
See poor Irving.
Poor Irving is getting smashed again.
Guzzle, guzzle, guzzle.
Poor Irving is fast becoming an alcoholic.
But it isn't really Irving's fault.
When Irving is thirsty, all he wants is a nice glass of water.
But whenever he turns on the tap, what does he get?
A glass full of soap suds.
Yes, poor Irving's water supply is loaded with detergents.
So he is forced to guzzle booze instead.
Barf, barf, barf.
Looks like there's more than *one* way to get polluted!

Chapter 8.



See the Committee of Distinguished Citizens.
These Distinguished Citizens feel that there is much too much fuss and bother about pollution.
Fuss, fuss, fuss.
Bother, bother, bother.
They feel that people are needlessly panicky.
They feel that everyone should calm down.
They do NOT feel that the problem is as bad or as serious as everyone says it is.
Who *are* these fine, upstanding, calm Distinguished Citizens?
Harry, there, is an oil company tycoon . . . and Milton owns a paper mill . . . and Robert is a jet fuel manufacturer . . . and Winthrop is an electric utility executive . . . and Herman is the director of a chain of funeral parlors.

Chapter 9.



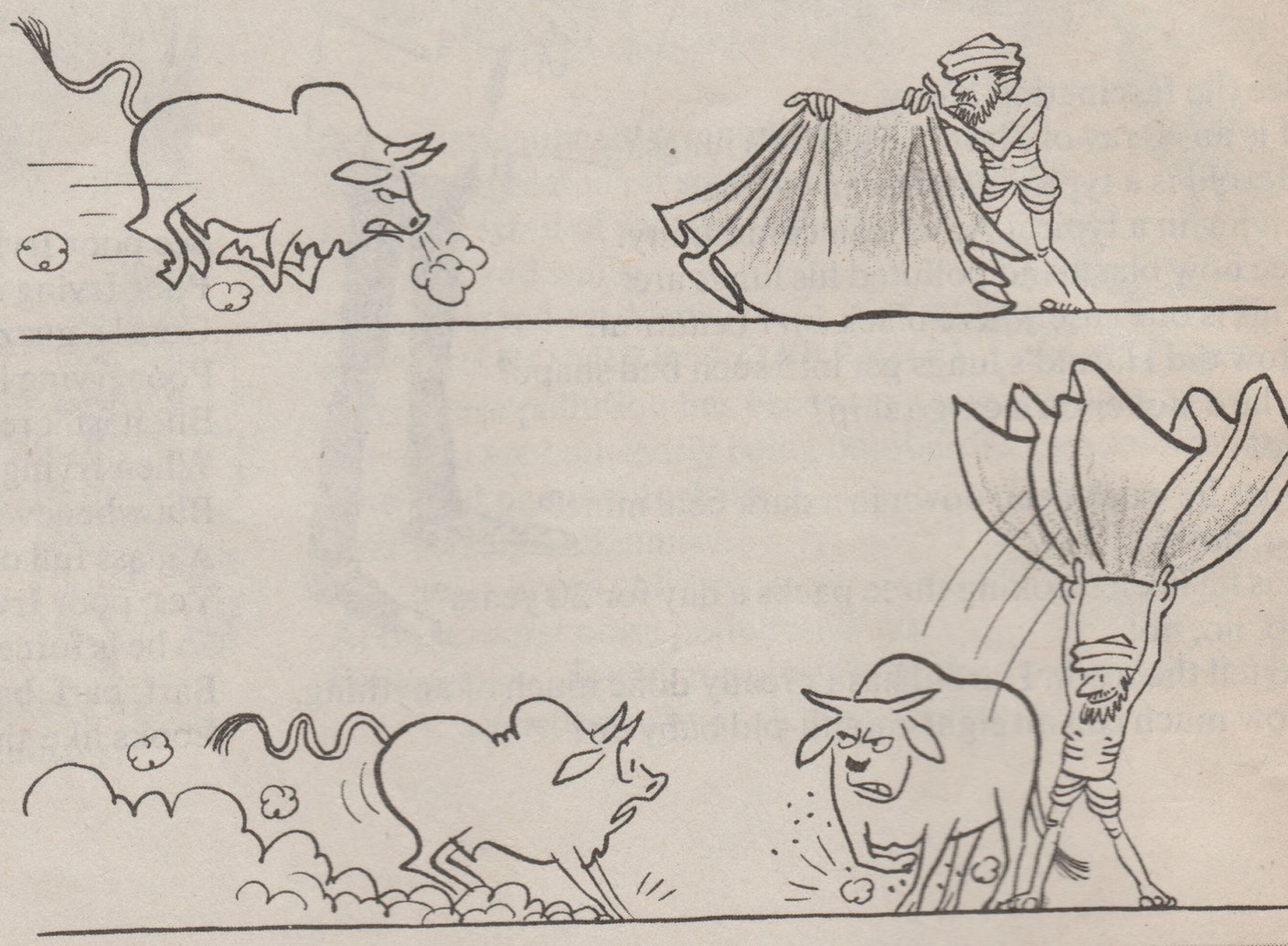
See the funky little magazine.
It is a brave and fearless publication.
To this funky little magazine, nothing is sacred.
Nothing, nothing, nothing.
It will take on Madison Avenue.
It will take on Hollywood.
It will take on Big Business, and Congress, and the Pentagon.
It will take on the problem of pollution.
And zap those who are responsible.
Speaking of pollution, you are now holding 48 pages
Of the worst kind imaginable
Right in your hot little hands:
Mind pollution!

NEW DELHI-CATESSEN DEPT.

Some time ago (MAD #110) we introduced you to the delightful cartoons of a delicious Brazilian "nut" named Ziraldo Pinto. Now, we'd like you all to . . .

MEET

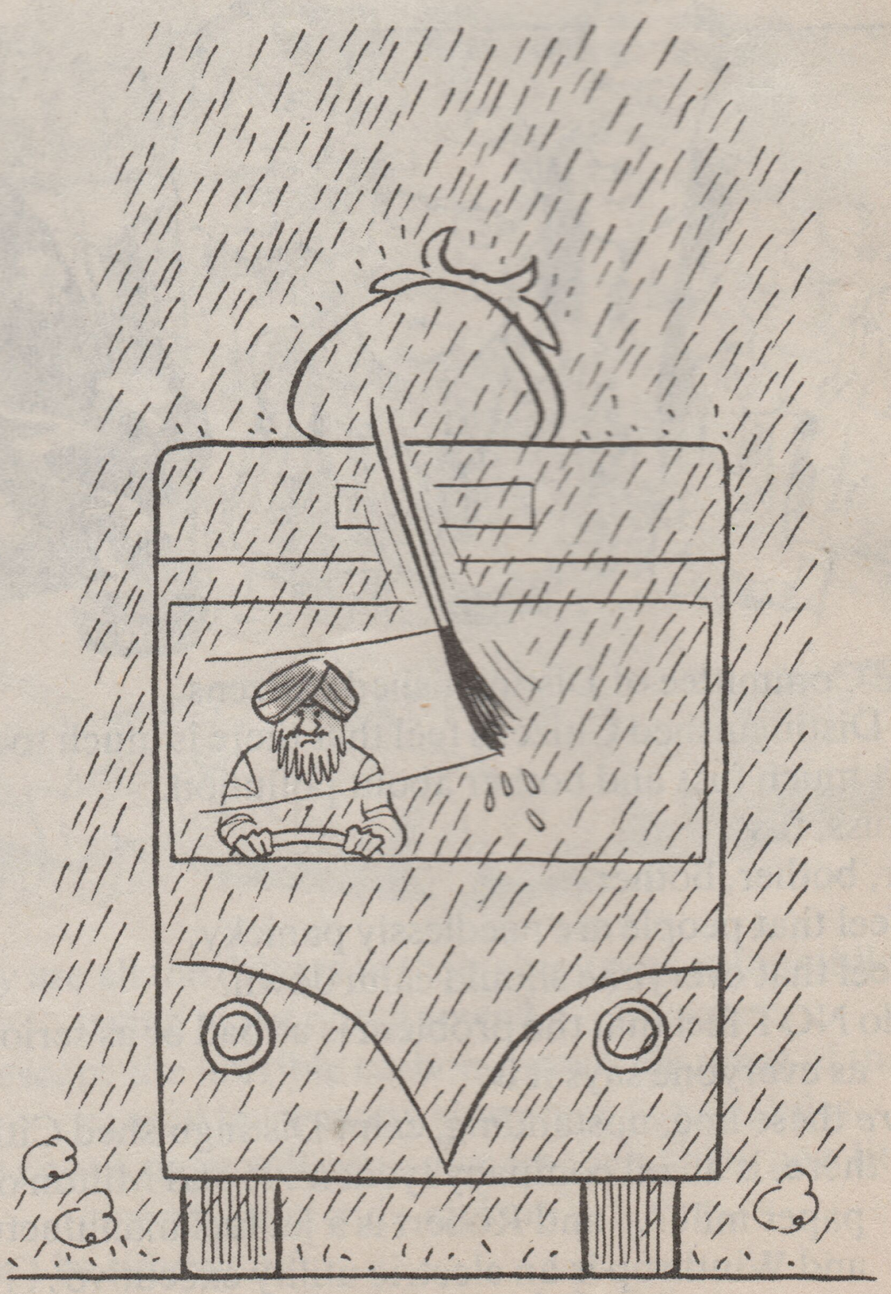






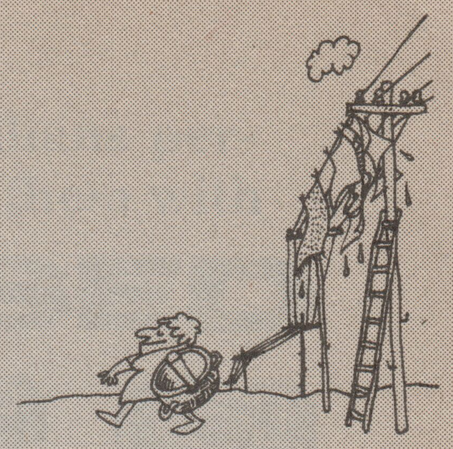


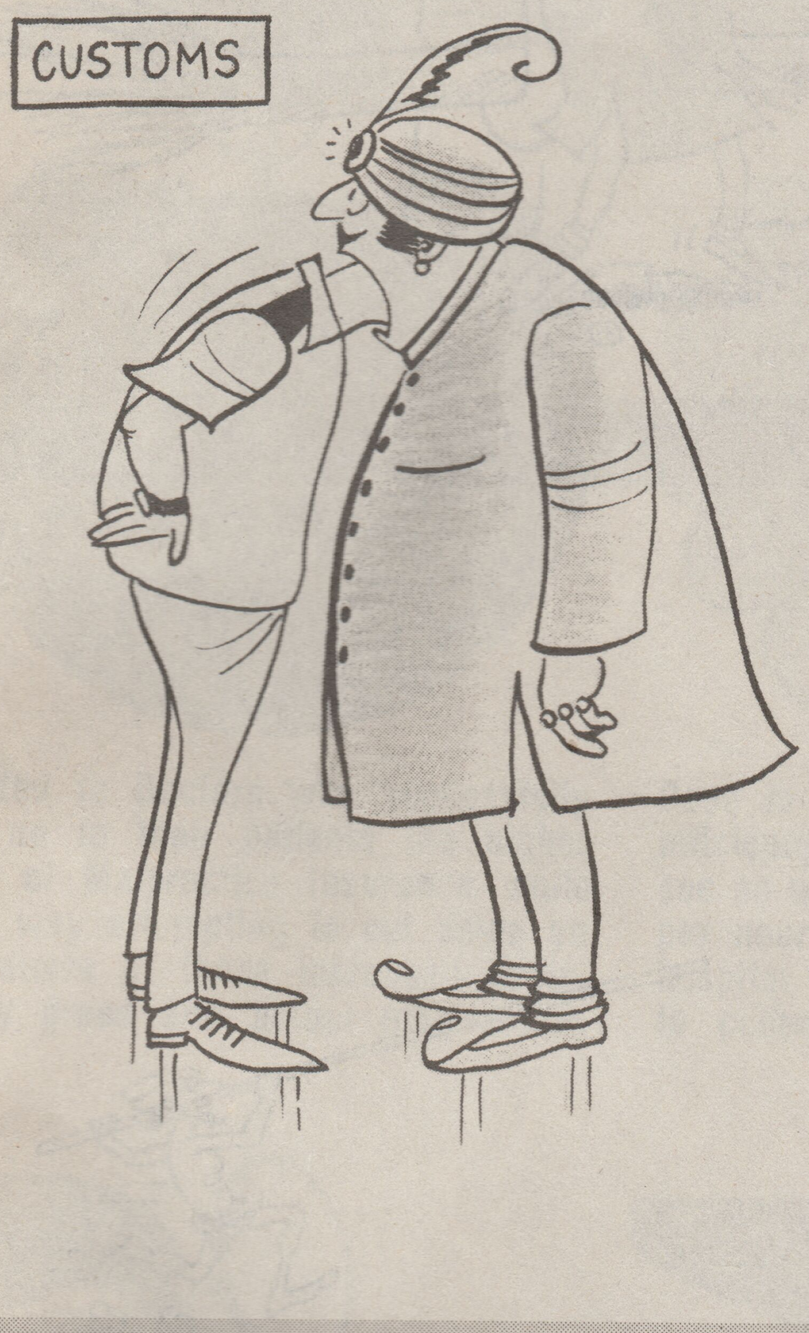


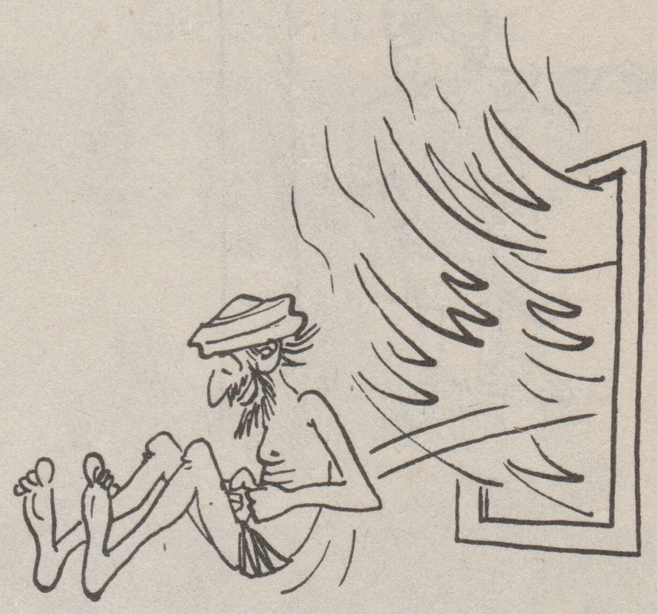


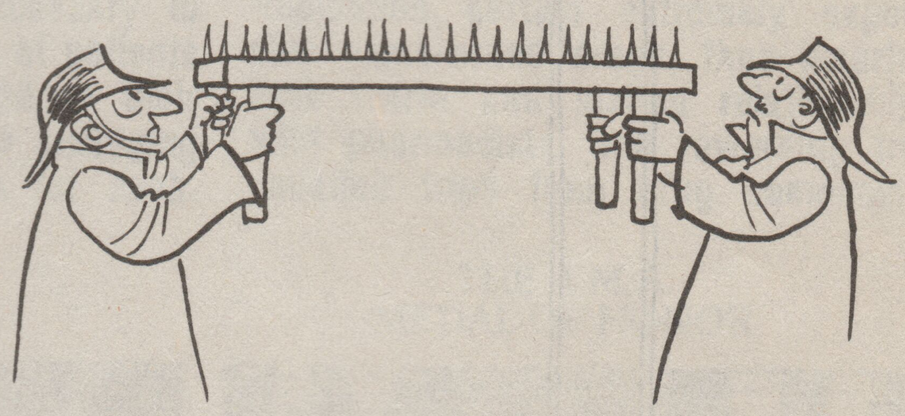
हार धार

A TASTY INDIAN "NUT"





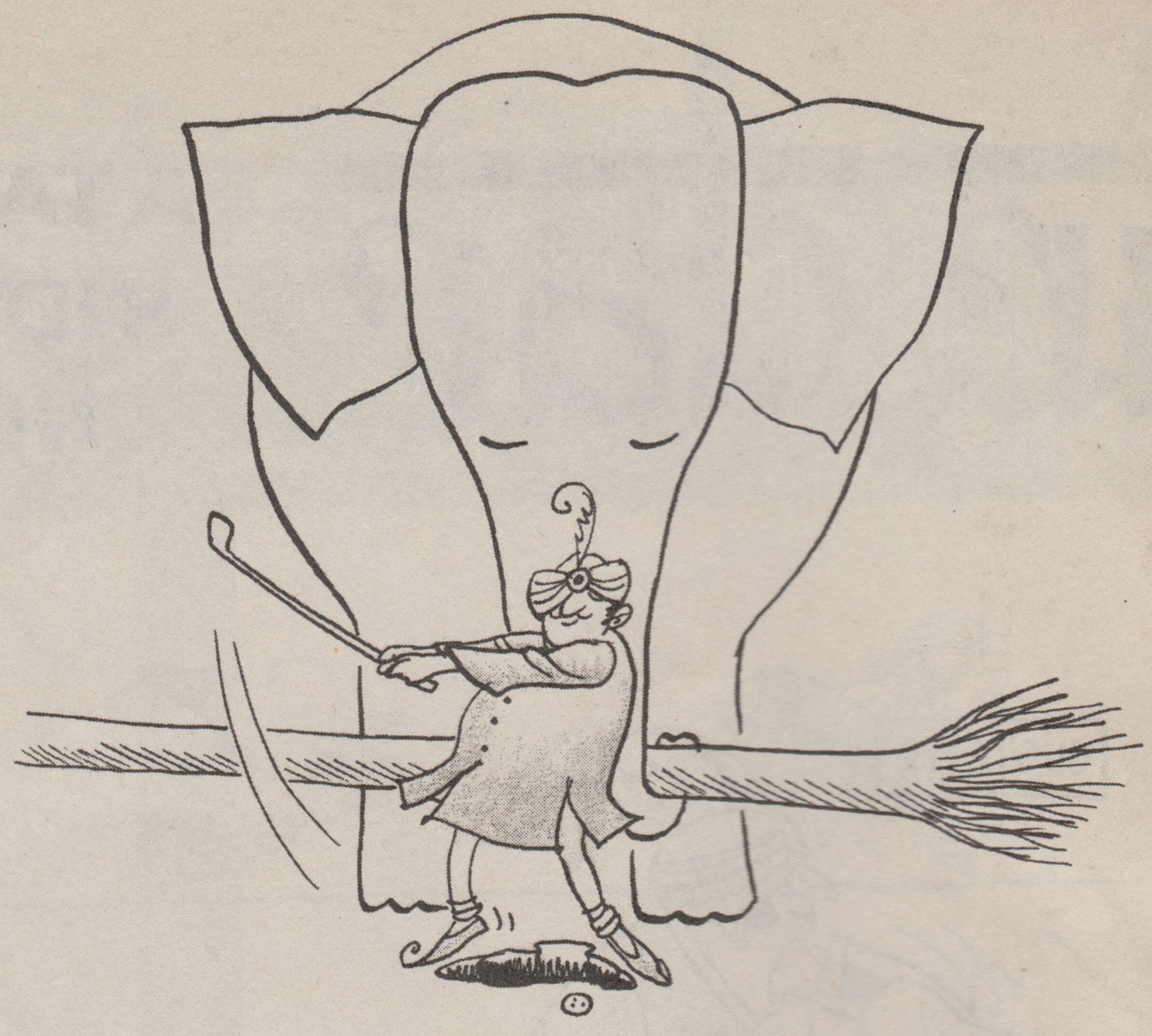


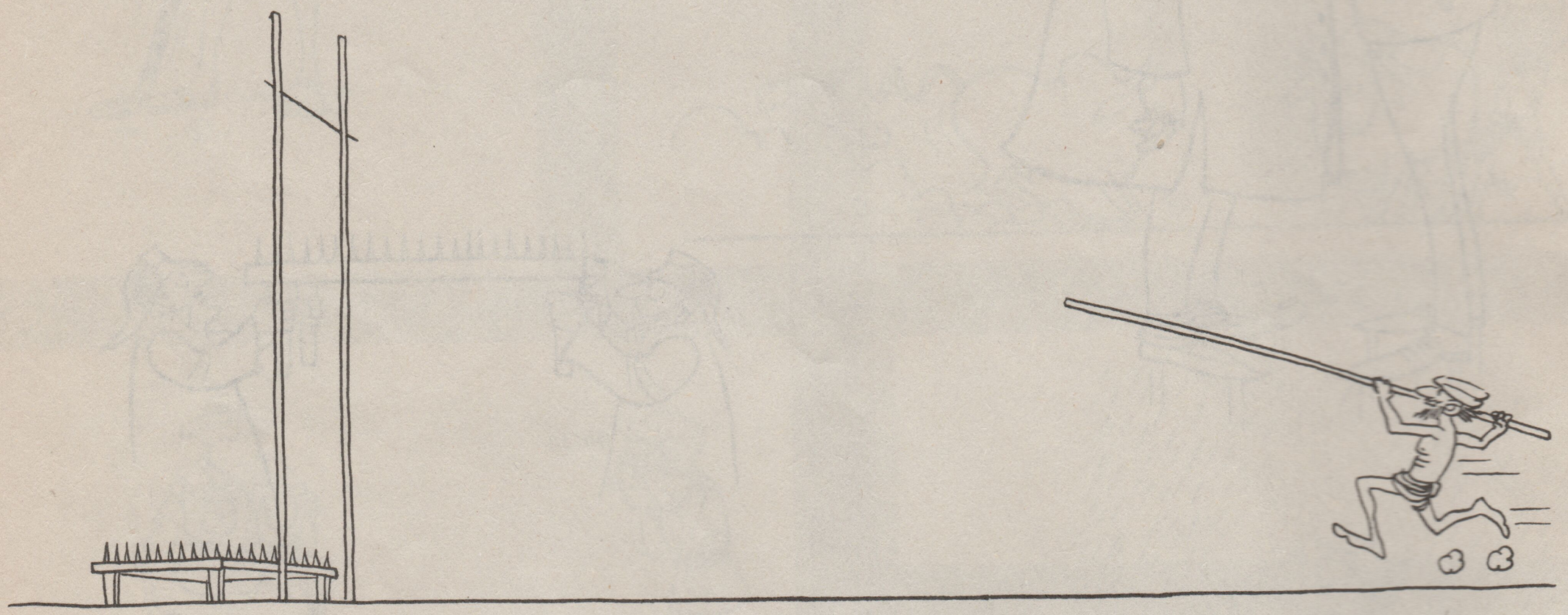


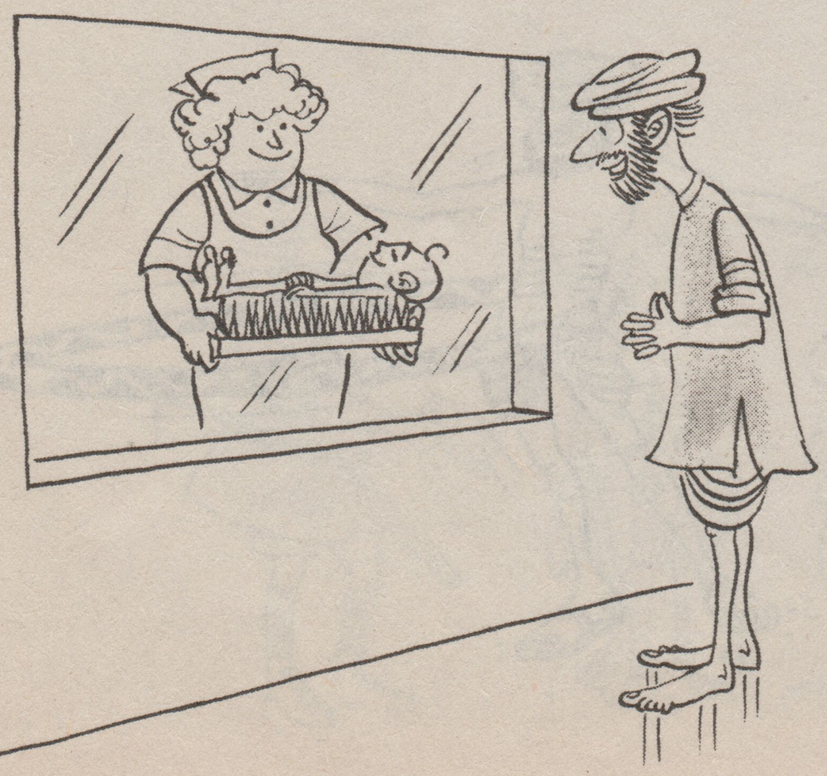


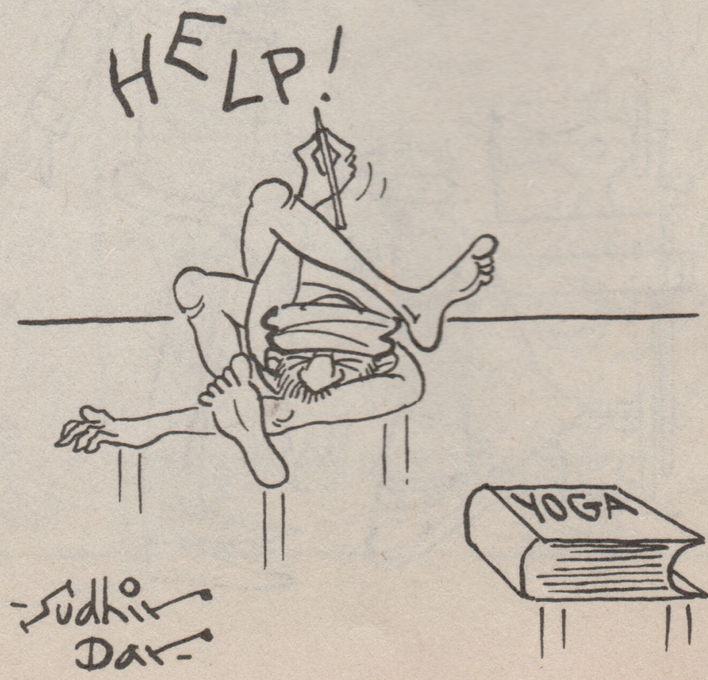











HELP!
YOGA
Sudhir Dar

GIVIN' 'EM A RIBBIN' DEPT.

Why restrict the awarding of medals to the military? After all, Civilians perform heroic acts while fighting life's daily battles as well! Let's recognize them with

THIS ISSUE'S PROPOSED MAD MEDALS

. . . TO BE PRESENTED TO DESERVING DOCTORS

THE MISSING FORCEPS MEDAL



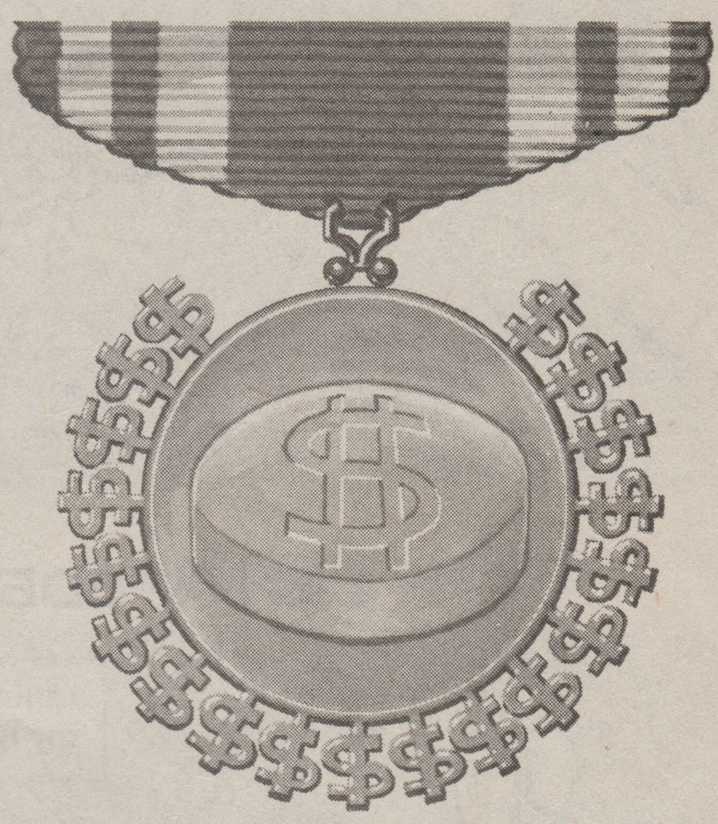
Awarded to Doctors who successfully pass on to their patients the higher costs of Malpractice Insurance while in no way attempting to cut down on the causes of these increased costs, mainly greed and actual malpractice.

THE FULL CALENDAR CITATION



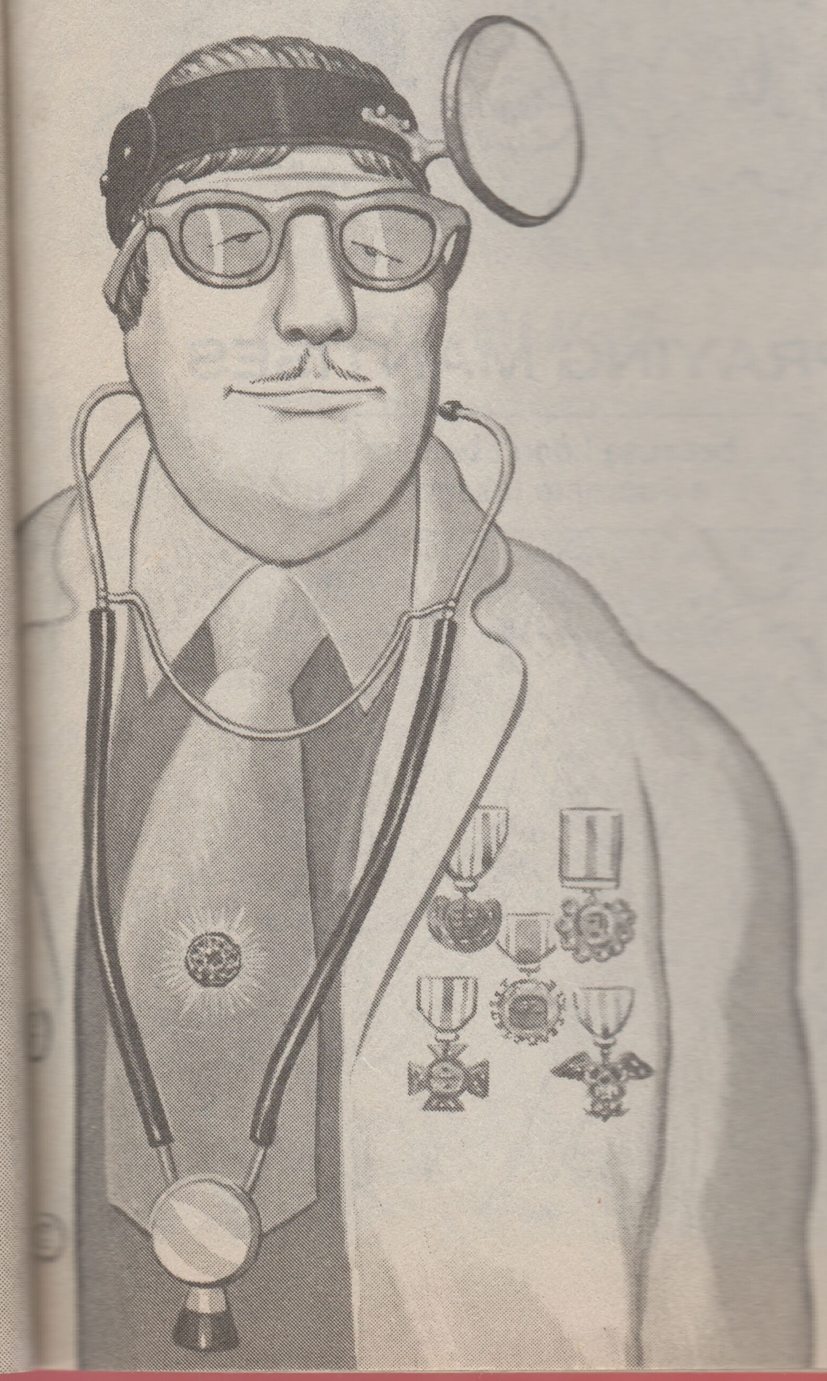
Goes to Doctors who demonstrate the efficiency and diligence necessary to see an unbelievable amount of patients per hour in their offices and on their hospital walk-throughs while managing to collect full fee charges for each.

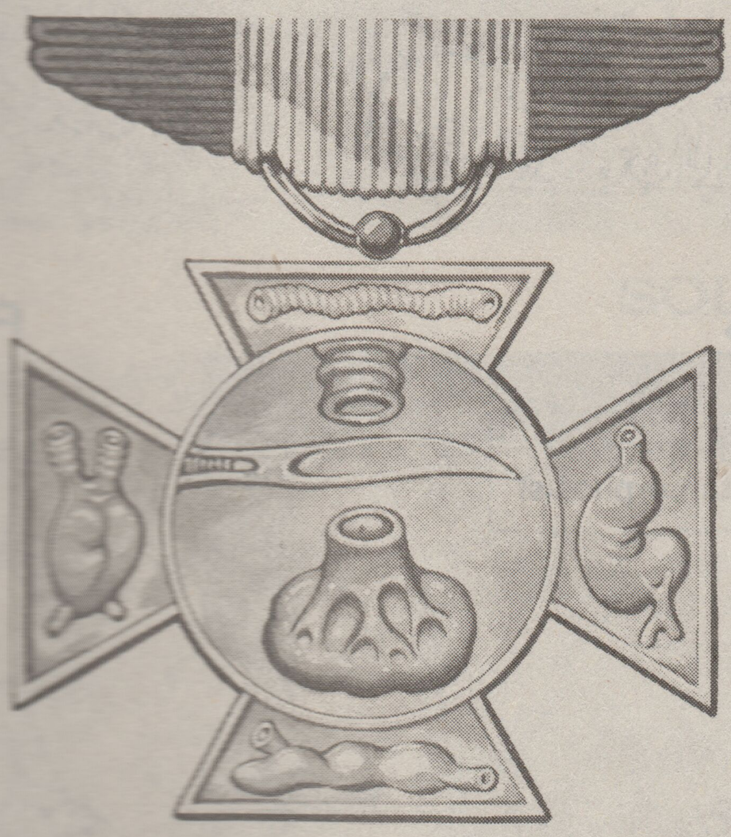
THE LITTLE GREEN PILL MEDAL



For prescribing without conscience or trepidation certain extremely expensive name-brand drugs, thus insuring both warm and lasting relationships with pharmacists, and rewarding free vacation trips from drug companies.

THE GOLDEN SCAPEL AWARD



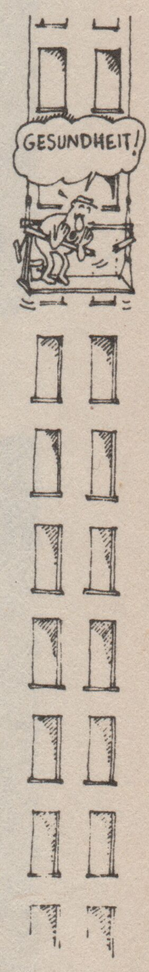


Awarded to Doctors who have performed surgery above and beyond the call of necessity. These procedures involve the removal of patients' appendixes, tonsils, gall bladders, ovaries, etc., whether they needed to be or not! The motto inscribed on the reverse side of the medal reads, "A removed organ can never become a really diseased organ!"

THE A.M.A. MEDAL OF HONOR



This decoration represents the medical profession's highest award . . . and can only be presented to those doctors who distinguish themselves with an unbroken record of heroically fighting the battle against Socialized Medicine, Public Health Care, lower fees, and any other profit-cutting ideas that lawmakers and do-gooders periodically come up with.



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

INSECT ASIDES DEPT.

MAD "BUGS" THE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

MOSQUITOES



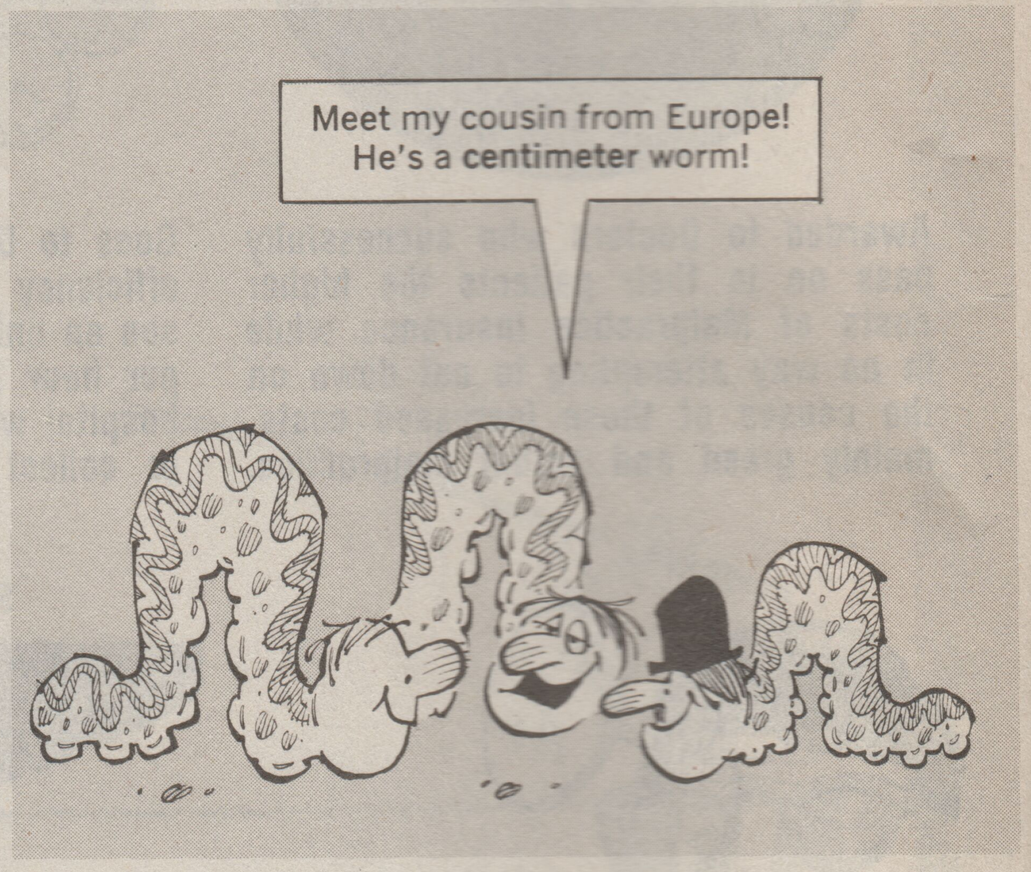
FIREFLIES



CENTIPEDES



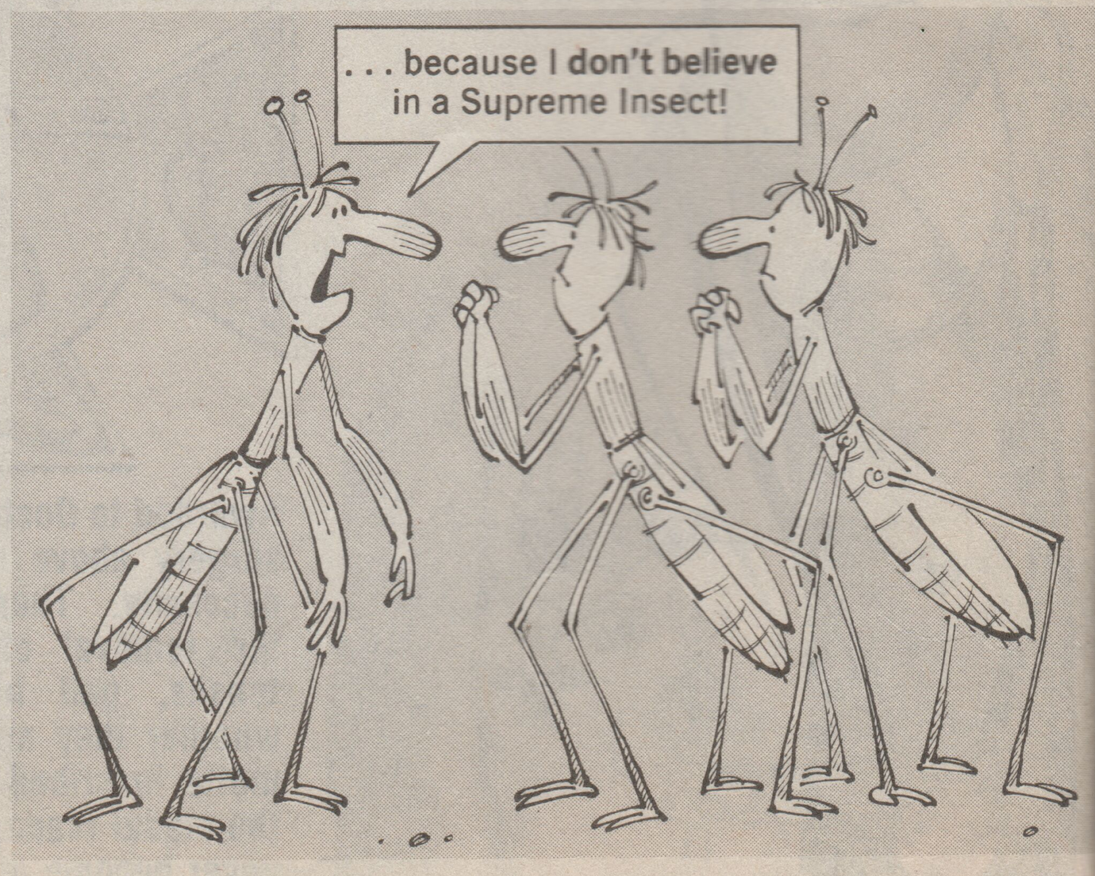
INCHWORMS



BUTTERFLIES



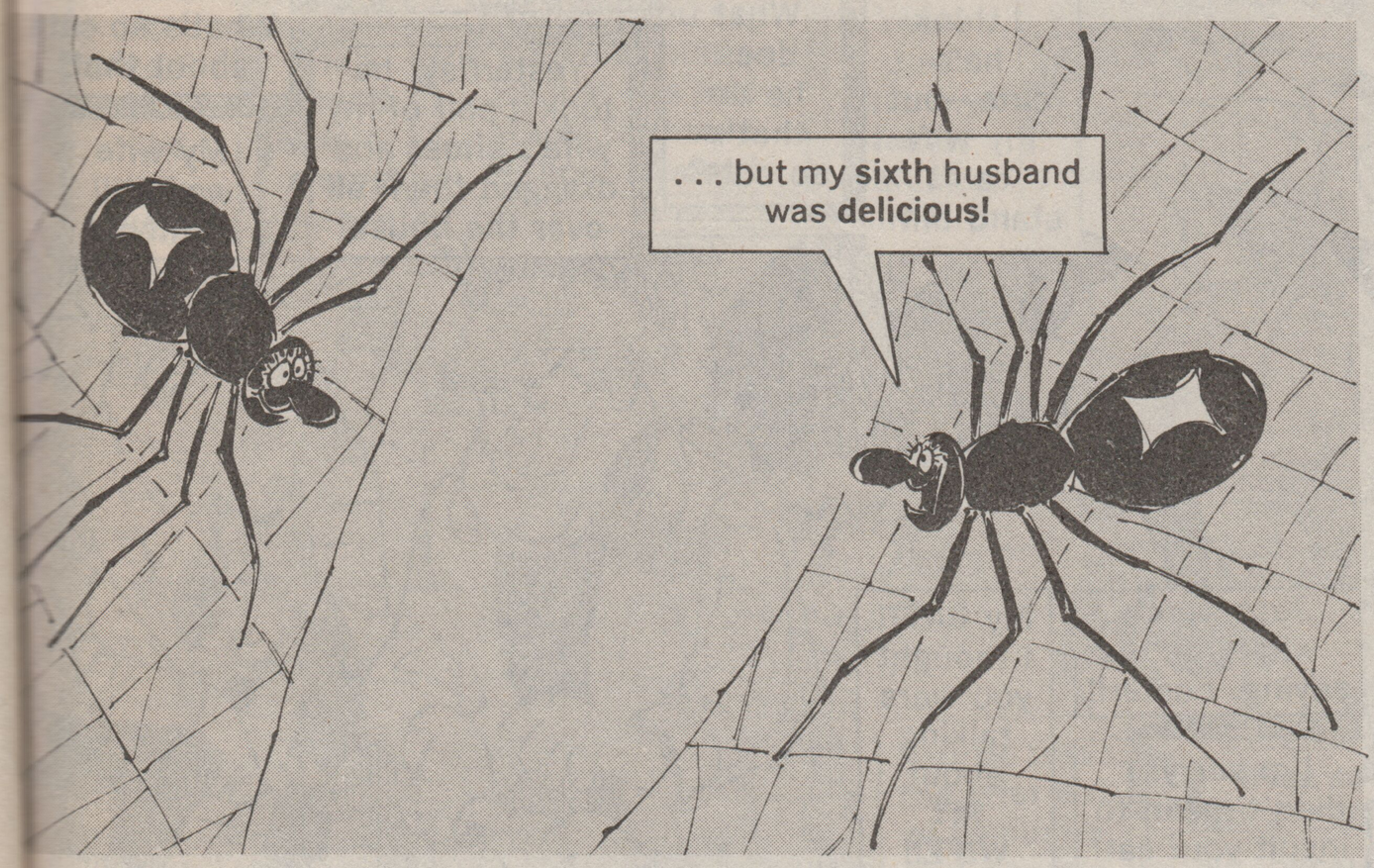
PRAYING MANTISES



INSECT WORLD

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

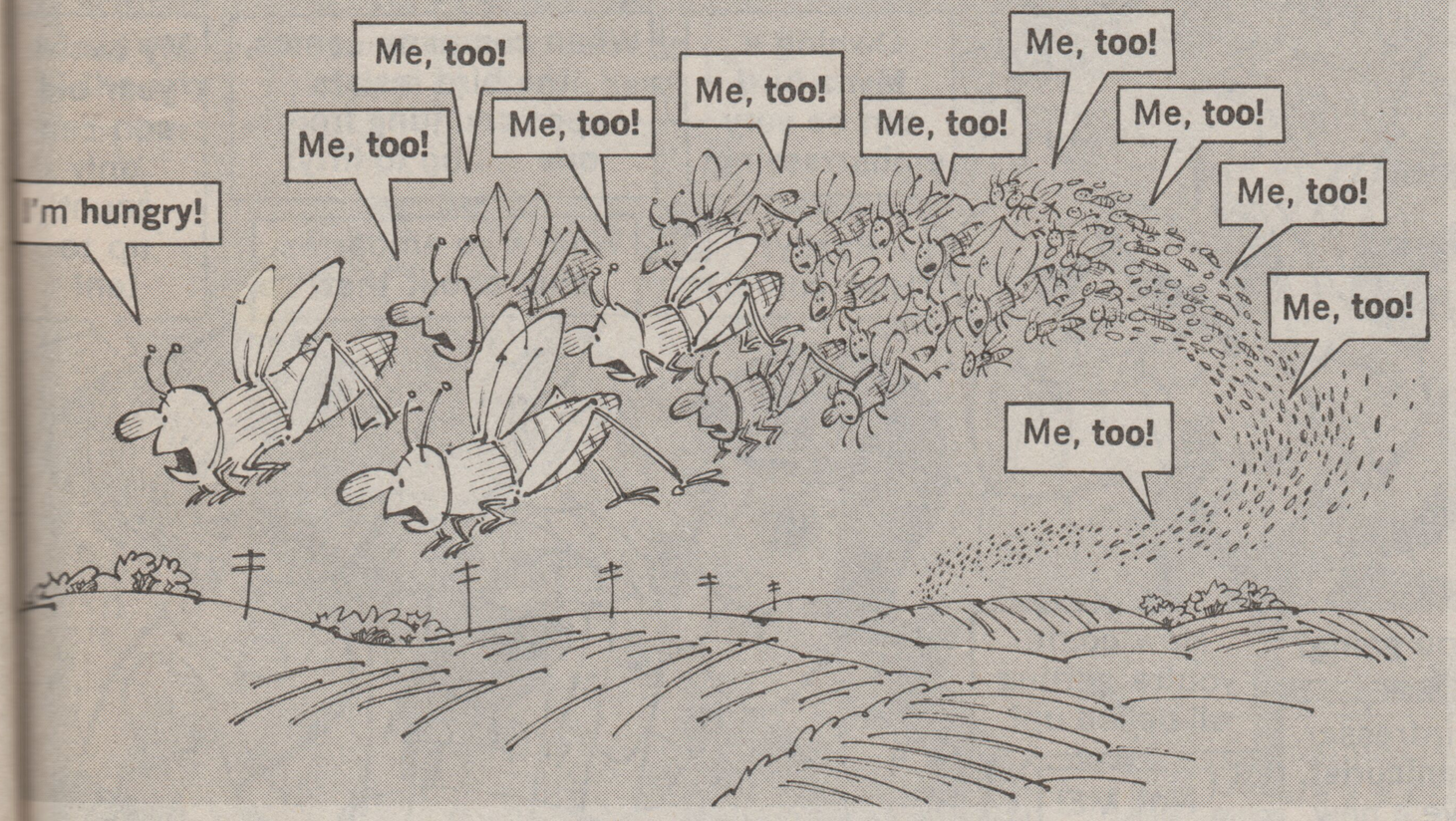
BLACK WIDOW SPIDERS



COCKROACHES



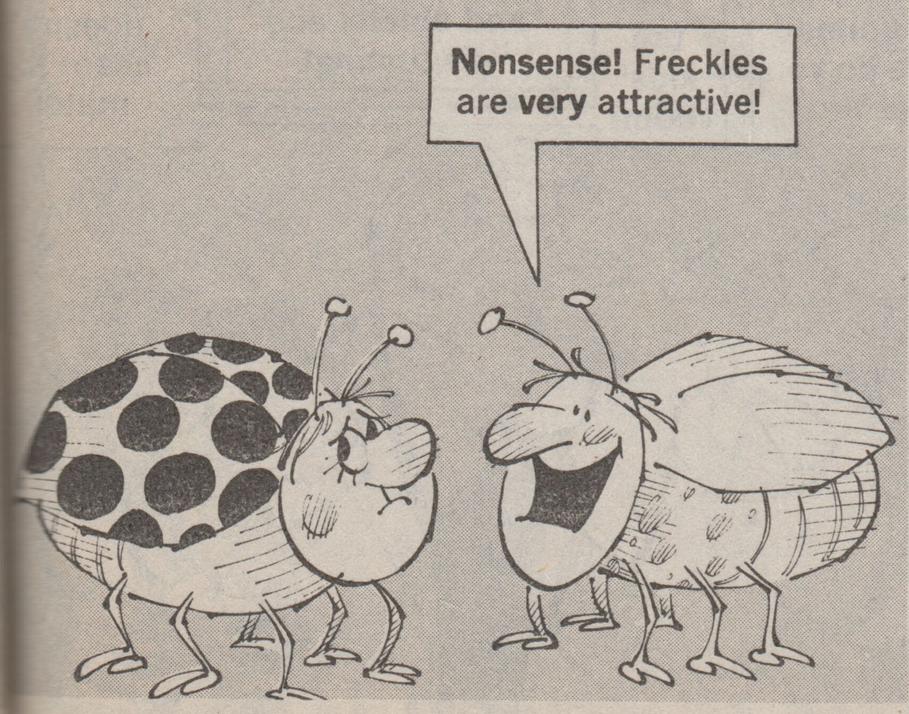
LOCUSTS



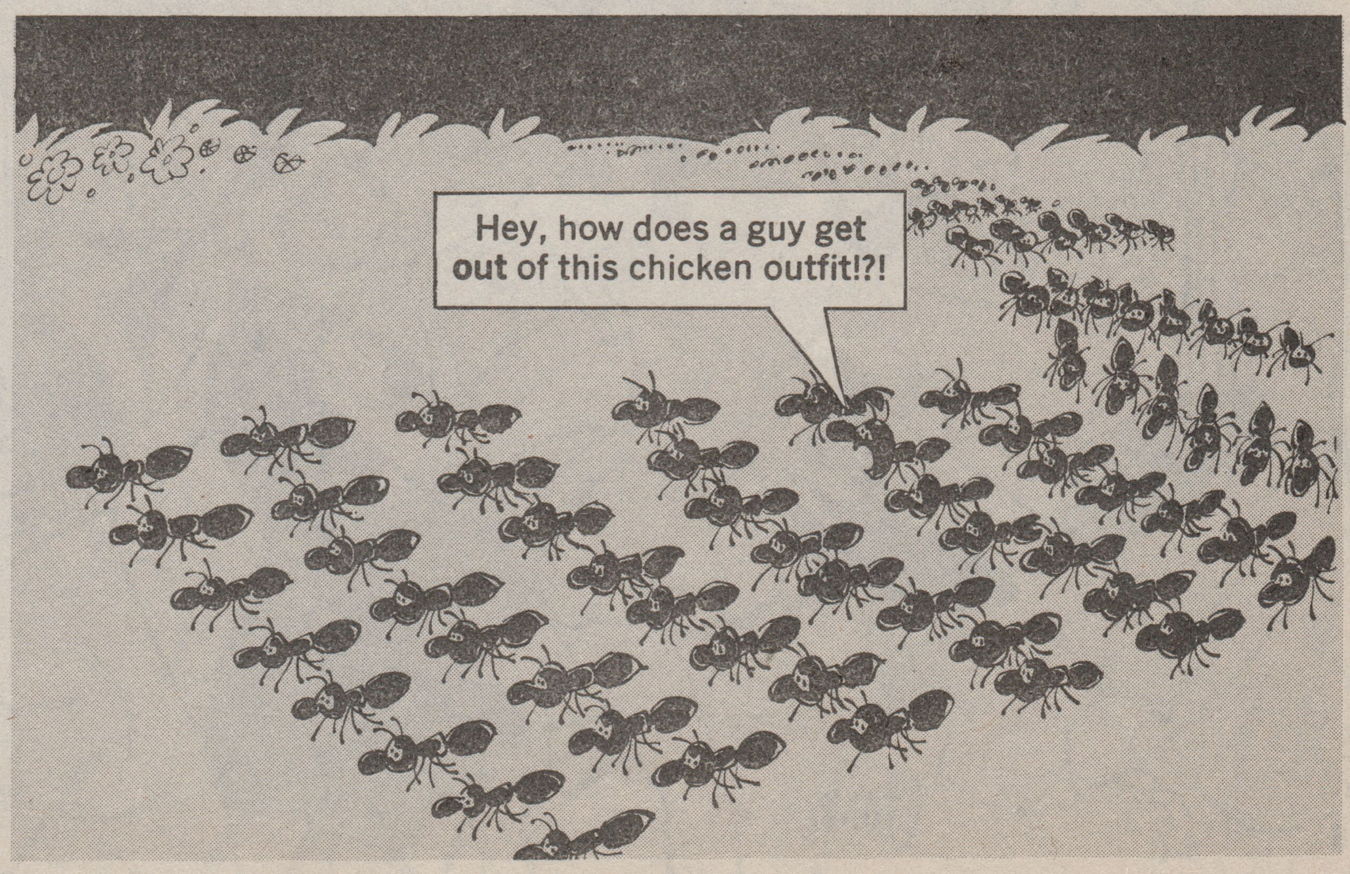
HONEY BEES



LADY BUGS



SOLDIER ANTS



A MAD LOOK AT

I think we **spoil** our kids by giving them everything they ask for!

Like what?

Like my **daughter!** She wanted a **pony** for her birthday!

It's **nice** for a kid to have a pony to ride around on!

In an **apartment?!**

How can you feel anything for a creature who never shows **affection**, who never **obeys** you, who's always **indifferent,** and who won't even jump into your bed and **cuddle** with you?!

Just **watch** what you're **saying,** buster!!

I'm **sorry!** I didn't **mean** to insult your cat!

My CAT?! I thought you were talking about **MY WIFE!!**

I think he's **cute**—but my **wife** can't **stand** him!

What does he **do** that's so **cute?**

Yesterday, he took a pair of my wife's **shoes** and dragged them **all over the house!**

What's so cute about **that?**

My **wife** was still **in** them!!

We bought this **Ant Farm** to show our kids how **industrious** these little fellows are!

To set a **good example,** eh? Did it **work?**

Nahh! The kids just **sit around all day** and **watch them work!**

Can't stop to chat now! I'm in a terrible hurry!

Where are you **going?**

First the hairdresser, then the **manicurist,** then to have a new **fur coat** fitted!

How come you're getting **all dolled up?**

Not **ME! Poopsie!!**

Owning a **Myna bird** can be **very embarrassing!**

When **company** comes, the bird insists upon **counting** from **one** . . . up to **fifty!**

My twelve year old son can only count up to **ten!**

Really? How come?

What's so embarrassing about that?

But a monkey is really a **wild animal!** Where do you **keep** him?

In the **kids' room!**

Gee, the place must be so **messy** and **smelly** and **disgusting!**

Yeah, bu the **monk** doesn't seem to **mind!**

'Clarke

PET OWNERS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: STAN HART

How can you like an **Iguana?!**

He's **great!** He's **almost human!**

How can you **say** he's **almost human?!** He just sits and stares for **hours** without **moving!**

Yeah! Just like my **father** watching **TV!**

He may **look** nasty, but he's **great protection** for the **children!**

What makes you say that?

The other day, someone tried to **beat up my son,** and the dog went **right for the guy's throat!**

Really?! Who **was** the guy?

ME!!

Don't you think it's **cruel . . .** keeping a big dog in the city!?

I don't **think** so! He **seems happy!**

I don't mean cruel to **HIM!** I mean cruel to the people who have to **WALK** here!

A turtle takes the **grief** out of owning a pet! There's no trouble about **dying!**

Because a turtle **lives so long?**

No, because if it **dies,** who can **tell?**

I **can't stand** this mutt! He's such a **slob!**

Not completely! He does it on a **newspaper!**

Yeah! But not while I'm **reading** it!!

Why? Isn't he **housebroken?**

Well, isn't he **supposed to?**

Right after a **male** Praying Mantis makes it with a **female,** the female **devours** him!

Gee, that's **terrible!**

It's **Nature's way!** What's so terrible?

The male Mantis can **never BRAG** to his **friends!**

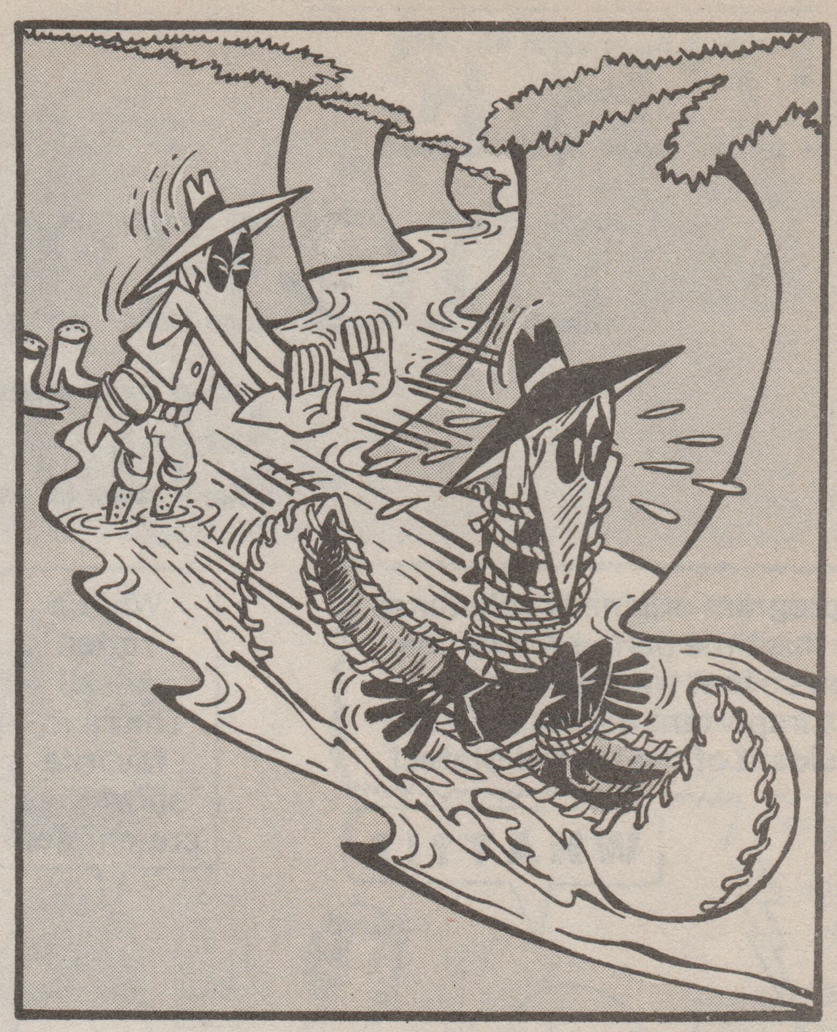
Sometimes, when there's a brand new **baby** in the house, the poor doggie can get **quite jealous** and **upset!**

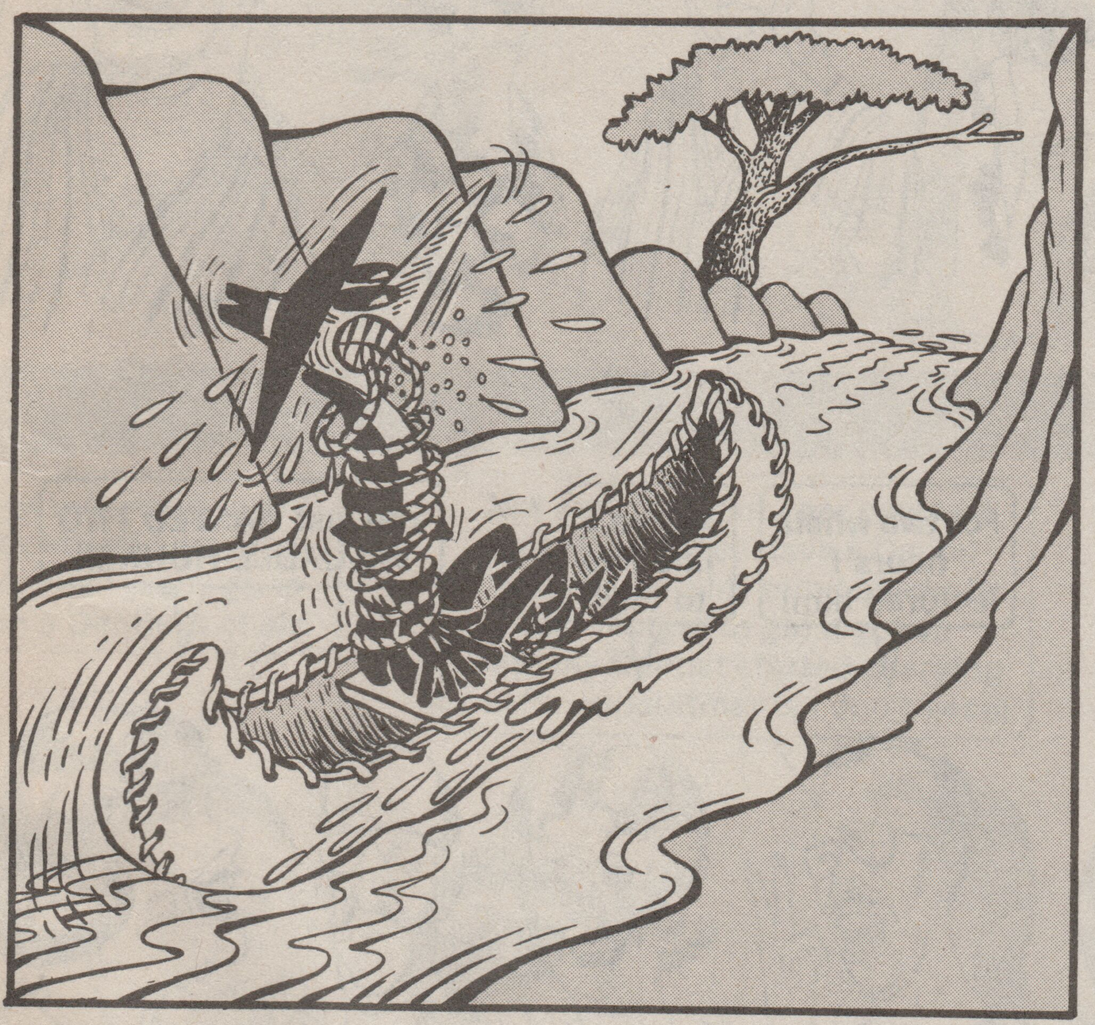
We know! And that's why we've already decided to do the **only humane thing!**

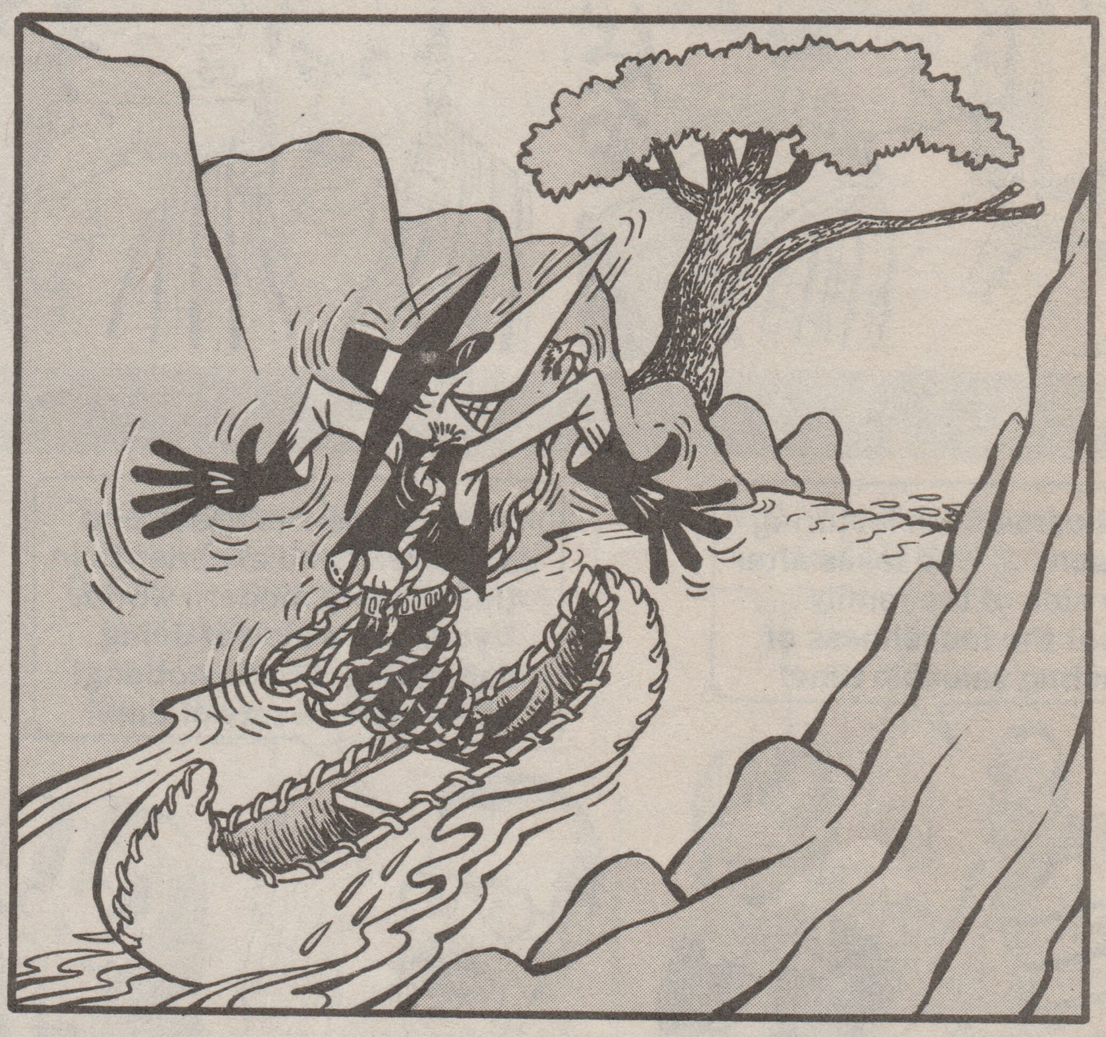
What's that??

Put the **baby** up for **adoption!**

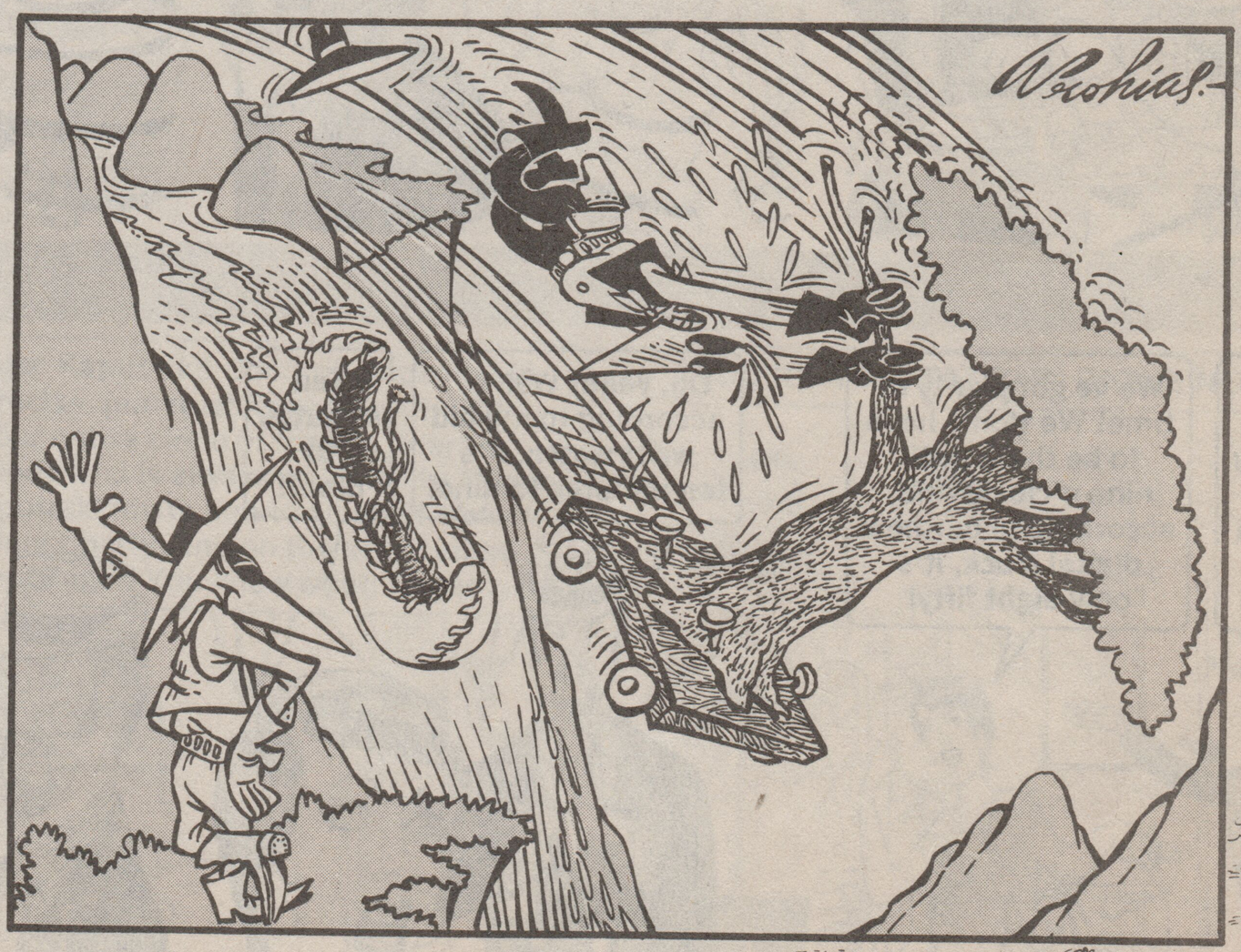

SPY vs SPY










Arrohias.

CLUNK!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... TV

The program originally scheduled for this time period will not be seen so that we may bring you this important address by the **President of the United States!**

WHAT?!?

What a **rotten trick!!** That's my **favorite show** they pre-empted!

Shame on you! The world is about to blow itself up—but you'd rather watch a **silly TV show** than listen to the **President!**

Okay! **Okay!** I **guess** what the President has to say is of **vital importance** to this country and the whole world, and he **should** be given the TV facilities to say it . . .

. . . BUT NOT ON PRIME TIME!!

I'm **hoarse** from lecturing **your son** . . . who takes after **your** side of the family . . . about the **foolishness** of **wasting valuable time!**

With all there is to **see** and **do** and **read** and **experience** in this exciting modern world, **your** son's idea of **doing something** is to **do nothing!** It's a **sheer waste of time!**

For **two whole hours** I lectured him!

You're a fine one to talk!

You just **WASTED TWO VALUABLE HOURS!!**

Will you hurry up?! We'll be late!

We've got **plenty** of time! We don't have to be there until **nine o'clock!** And, according to our **new digital clock,** it's only **eight fifty!**

Oh, **yeah?** Well . . . according to my **old wrist watch,** it's **ten minutes to nine!**

Ten minutes to nine?!

Oh, my goodness! It IS late!!

ME

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

Oh, won't this period ever **end?** This is the **longest** 45 minutes in the history of **time-keeping! C'mon,** bell—**ring already,** so I can go on to the **next** period!

RINNG

Oh, boy! **At last!**

Oh, won't this period ever **end?** This is the **longest** 45 minutes in the history of **time-keeping! C'mon,** bell—**ring already . . .**

Man, I got this real hang-up about **Dentists!** I get, like, **uptight,** and I really go to **pieces** in a Dentist's chair!

Not only that, but I get **psyched out** every time I have a Dental appointment! My mind **blocks it,** and I **forget to go!** It got so bad, my Dentist started **charging** me for appointments I don't keep!

That's why **this time** I'm making **sure** I **don't forget** my next Dental appointment! **See?** I've **circled** the date with a red pencil! **Tomorrow . . . Tuesday,** the **sixth . . .** at **two o'clock!**

TODAY is Tuesday, the sixth . . . and it's **FOUR** o'clock!!

Ten—nine—eight—seven —six—five—four— three—two—one . . .

. . . blast off!

BING-BONG

Roger Kaputnik!! Good ol' **dependable, precise, punctual Roger Kaputnik!** In our entire circle of friends, there is **nobody** who is **always on time** like **Roger Kaputnik!** Invite him to an **eight o'clock dinner party,** and on the **dot** of **eight,** there's **Roger!** You know **what, Roger . . . . ?**

YOU'RE A BIG FAT PAIN IN THE NECK!!

Uh—Dad, I don't know how to **tell** you this, but I—er—put a **dent** in the **car!**

You WHAT?!

Don't you realize that car is **not completely ours!** We bought it on **"time"—three years to pay**—and we've only paid **eighteen months** on it!

So, actually, we only own **HALF** the car! The **BANK** owns the **other** half!

Gee! what are we **worried about?!**

Just **call** the bank and tell 'em I put a dent in **THEIR HALF!!**

What's with this **"Nostalgia" kick** . . . collecting old Sears Roebuck catalogues, pictures of old movie stars, tapes of old radio shows, stacks of old comic books and old magazines and all this other old junk?

Why revel in the **past?** The turn of the century had a **12-hour work day!** The 20's had the **Gangster era!** The 30's had the **Depression!** The 40's had **World War II!** And the 50's had the **McCarthy era!**

Why, when you compare **those** times to **today,** you know what all this junk **represents . . . ?**

Yeah! The **good old days!!**

What **time** have you got?

It's—uh—twenty-five after nine!

Oh-oh! Le'me see your watch!

Just as I **thought!** Boy is that ever **SLOW!!**

What?! According to that **bank clock,** it's only about **half a minute** slow!

Are you kidding? It's **twenty-four hours** and half a minute slow!

Today is the **FIRST!!**

Today, I'd like to talk about my **financial** problems . . .

Er—excuse me while I answer the phone!

RING

Hello . . . yes . . . yes . . . I **see!** Well, suppose you **come in** and we'll **talk** about it! Can you make it **tomorrow** at **two?** How about **Wednesday** at **three!** Fine! I'll see you **then!** Good-bye . . .

You were saying you have **financial** problems?

Yes! It seems I have these **exorbitant telephone expenditures!**

You see, Doctor, I go to this **Psychiatrist** who charges me **$40.00** for **fifty minutes!** So every time he gets a **phone call,** it costs me **FIVE BUCKS!!**

That's really **FASCINATING!**

Uh . . . **excuse** me, sir, but I couldn't help noticing your **complicated wrist watch!**

What's that **large outside ring** with the **red numbers?** And what are those **small inside dials** with the **white** numbers? And what are those **buttons** on the side?

I'm darned if **I** know!

You **don't know?!** Then why did you ever **buy** such a complicated watch?

It makes me **FASCINATING!**

Ohhh . . . thank God **that's** over with!

Miss Finch, I think I just made **Dental history!** I must have **broken the record** for **extracting a tooth!** It took no more than **three seconds!**

Irving, I think I just made **Dental history!** That sadist must have **broken the record** for **extracting a tooth!**

It took about **THREE HOURS!!**

Sidney, why are we **rushing** like this?

The **last show** starts at **8:20,** and it's a **murder mystery!** I want to see it from the **very beginning** so I can figure out **who dunnit!**

You rushed me for **nothing!** The **first show** is **still on!**

So I see!

Okay! Let's go home!

WHAT?! But we just **got** here! Why do you want to go **home** now?

I just saw who dunnit!

This is **ridiculous!** There are **eight clocks** in this house . . . and **no two** have the **same time! How** am I gonna know **what** time it **really is?**

Why? What **difference** does it make . . . ?

Because if it's **only six o'clock,** it means I have time to **eat supper** before I leave!

Take it from your **Mother** . . . who **loves** you . . . **this** one is **correct!!**

Hey! What **time** is it?

Gee, don't you have a **watch?**

Nope! I **refuse** to **own** one!

Really? **How come?**

I'm **protesting** against our **time-oriented society** with its **schedules** and **controls** and **organized rituals** that **entrap** us and **enslave** us!

Then **why** do you want to know the **time?**

Because I'm leading a **Protest March against** that sort of thing, and its scheduled for **three o'clock . . . sharp!!**

Charlie! You son of a **gun!** What's it been . . . **thirty years?** You haven't changed a **bit!**

Neither have **you,** Sid! I would have known you **anywhere!**

Gee, I can't get **over** it! You're **still** the **same Charlie**—just like you were **Graduation Day!**

I've got a **picture** of both of us, and it looks like it was taken **yesterday!** Look, we've got to get together **real soon,** okay . . . ?

My God! How OLD he **got!!**

Just like **that!?** You're **dropping out?!**

Yup! But **not completely!** I'm **not** on **drugs!**

Well, thank God for **that!** But, is—is that **all** you're going to **DO** from now on? Just **lie there** like that?

Yup! I'm just gonna **bide my time!**

Bide your time for **WHAT. . . ?**

After all the **other** kids have **blown their minds . . .**

. . . THEN I'M GONNA TAKE OVER!!

See? By stopping to eat at a **hamburger stand** instead of going to a **restaurant,** we saved **at least an hour!**

And by taking the **River Road** into town, and by-passing the slow-moving traffic on Main Street by using **side streets,** we saved **another** half-hour!

And by going into the house the **back way,** thereby avoiding Joel Finkel, our talkative neighbor, we saved **another** half an hour!

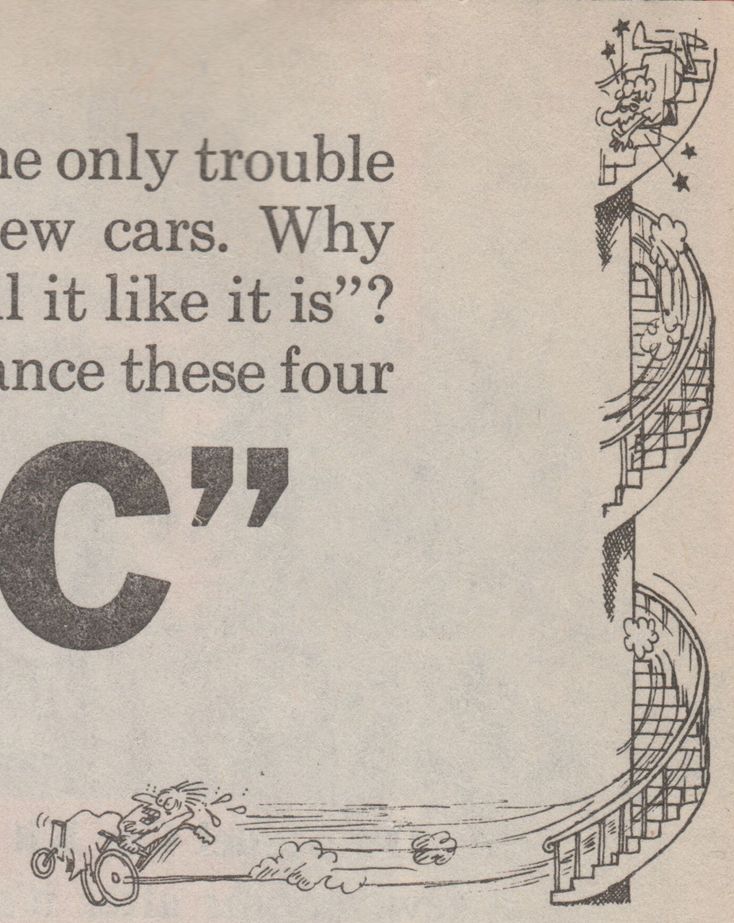
Okay! So now that we **saved** all that **time,** what are we going to **DO** with it?

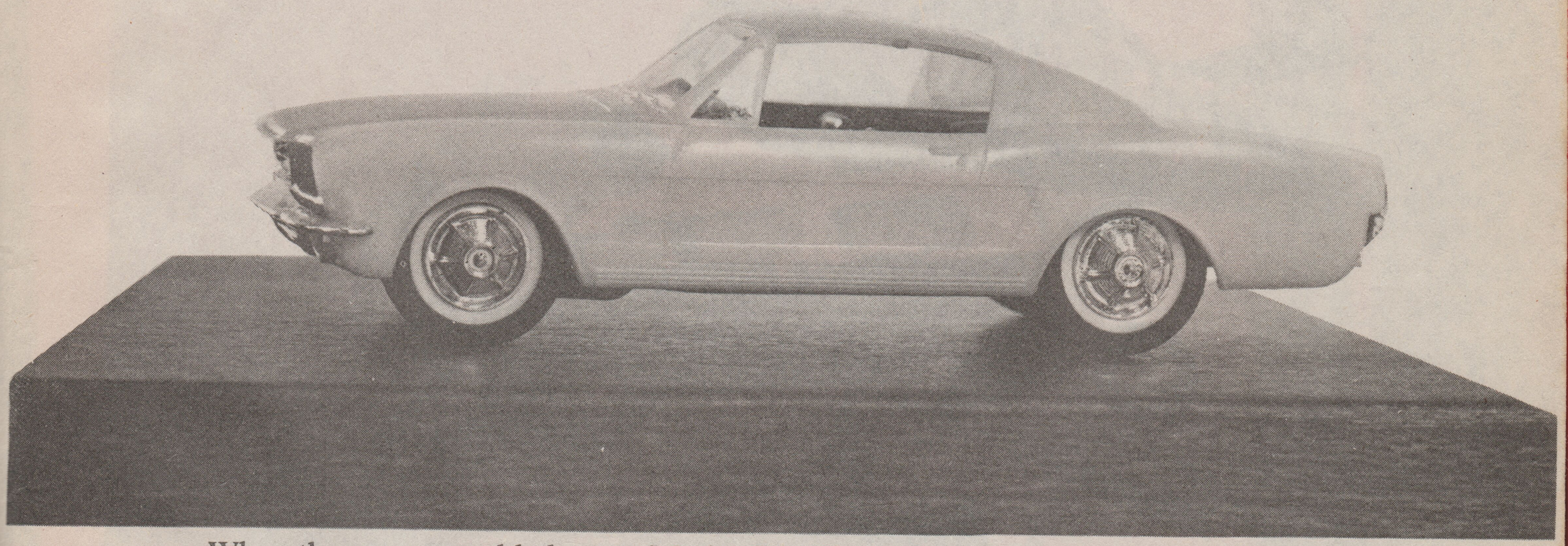
Find some way to KILL it!

David Berg

Building model cars is a big thing with kids today. The only trouble is, the kits result in shiny new replicas of shiny new cars. Why don't Model Car Kit manufacturers wise up and "tell it like it is"? Why don't they make "relevant" car kits? Like f'rinstance these four

"REALISTIC" MAD MODEL CAR KITS



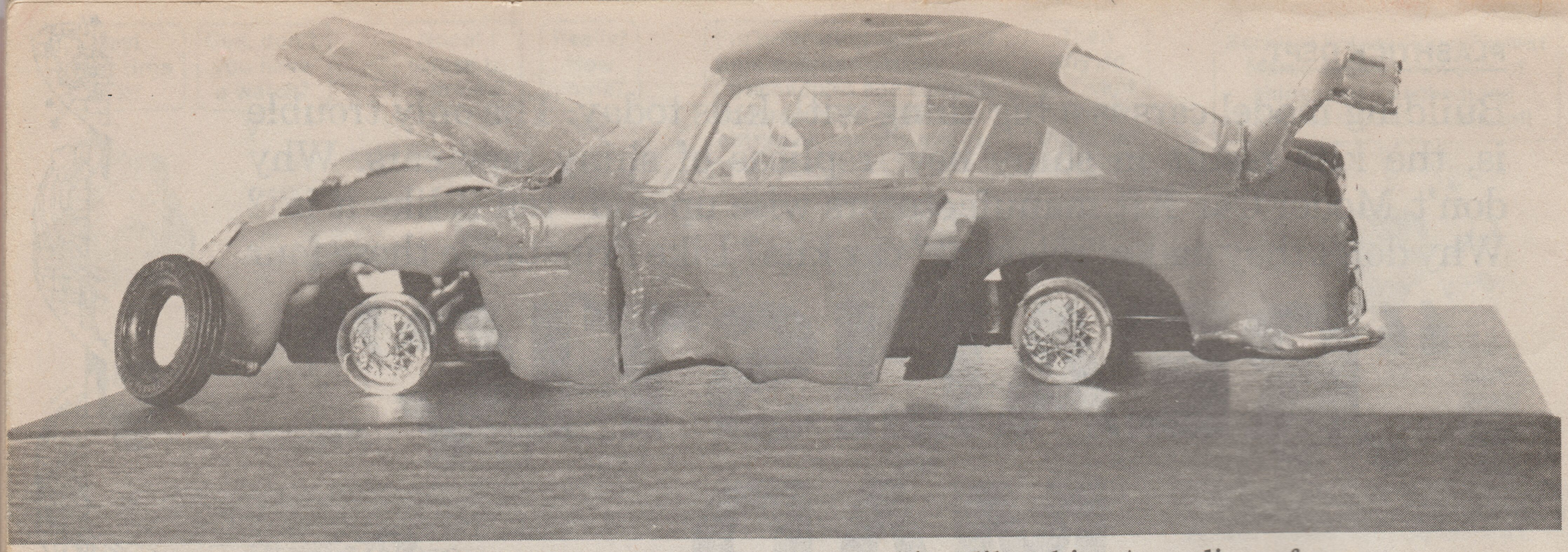


When they are assembled, most Model Car Kits today result in something like this: A replica of a car as it looks on display in the dealer's showroom, shiny and new.

CONCEIVED & EXECUTED BY DAVE GANTZ



MAD's Model Car Kit #1 would result in this kind of thing: A replica of a car a *few weeks after* it's left the dealer's showroom, when it's been driven on crowded city streets, parked in shopping center parking lots and jammed onto our freeways.



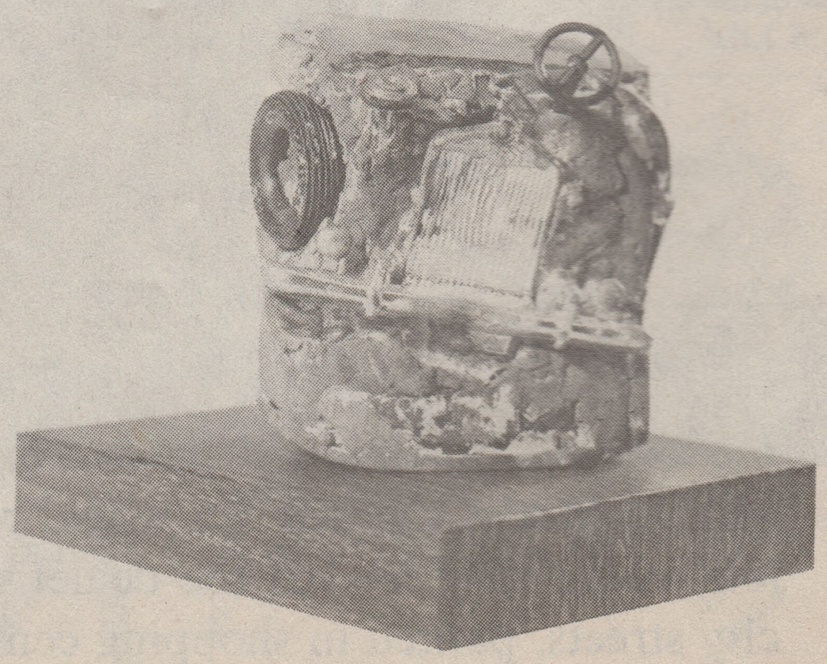
MAD's Model Car Kit #2 would result in something like this: A replica of a car a few *months* after it's left the dealer's showroom, when it has to be abandoned alongside a highway overnight due to engine failure or other manufacturing defect.



MAD's Model Car Kit #3 would result in this spectacular replica of a car (plus a few million other cars) about a *year* after it's left the dealer's showroom, when it has fallen apart completely and joined one of these familiar American landmarks.



And last but not least, **MAD's Model Car Kit #4** would result in this attractive replica of a car as it begins its journey back to becoming *another* shiny new one on display in the dealer's showroom.



WHICH OF NATURE'S RAVAGES CONTINUES TO DEFY MODERN TECHNOLOGY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Man has been locked in battle with Nature since he first appeared on Earth! Although he has often won, there is one frustrating area where he hasn't even gained a toehold. To find out what this disastrous loss is, simply fold in the page as shown at right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A► FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◄B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

GREAT ADVANCES MADE IN TECHNOLOGY TODAY ARE DOING WONDERS IN PREVENTING DISASTERS. BUT ONE BAD NATURAL CATASTROPHE HAS SCIENCE STOPPED COLD

A► ◄B

KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

STANLEY
THE 56th STREET "SAD SACKS"
THE SUPER COOL FIVE
ZINO
SAL 167
BIG ALI
DICK AND THE C.C.P.'S
BIG EMILE
The Avengers
THE FLYING FINKS 191
7th STREET SWINGERS
POTRZEBIE 173
LIPPY LARRY
FELIX "THE CAT" MALDONADO
PETE THE PUS
TRASH
Bash
MARK THE HARMONICAT
WRECKED
RIP-OFFS A.C.
BIG JOHN FROM NEWHOUSE ST.
ZORRO
UGLY RAMON 129
BIG OLAF
BUZZ AND HIS ELAINE
IRWIN AND THE SCHERAGOS
ZAPPY
BIG IVAN
FREAK QUEENS
BUSTED
PIG FACE
BIG AL AND LITTLE LEE
"SKIP" THE KARATE KID
BOPPERS
BIG DAVE
DUMB FRED
Jesse and his Sal Sal
TAMMY 183
"HORSE" DUNGER
OSSZEFOGVA
Big Roy 181
SID THE "SCREW"
FAST IGGY
BLASTERS M.C. CLUB
The Ravich Raiders
BIG STUD
SPEEDY GRAFFITI
THE SIX FAT GHETTO RATS
BIG JOSE
THE STONED BROTHERS
FINGERS FENTON
COSMIC COSMO
LOVER-BOY LENNY
THE STONED BROTHERS
BIRD WAS HERE
NASTY LOUISE
BOB AND JUDY AND THE GHOSTS
TAKI 149
ZONKED
CRAZY LOU 175
MEAN PACO 146
HEAVY BUCK FROM 112 ST.
HIGH JOHN THE CONQUERER
OLD GOOD 'BEARD
THE 112th STREET BLADES
BROADWAY BOMBERS
SIXTH AVENUE SPRAYERS
CRUSH
"CRUSH" HERBIE OF 7th ST.
THE DANGEROUS DUDES FROM 67 ST.
WASTED WILLIE
MEL FROM HELLGATE
BADFRED
artie the dreamer
LITTLE DUCKS
"STUCK" SCHWARTZ
THE BUMMERS M.C.
BIG ISTVAN

ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER